Saturday Review

JUNE 3, 1961 / 25¢

RENAISSANCE IN THE SOUTHWEST

By LLOYD V. BERKNER

HOW TO READ DANTE

By John Ciardi

MR ROBERT S TREAT
THE PUTNEY SCHOOL
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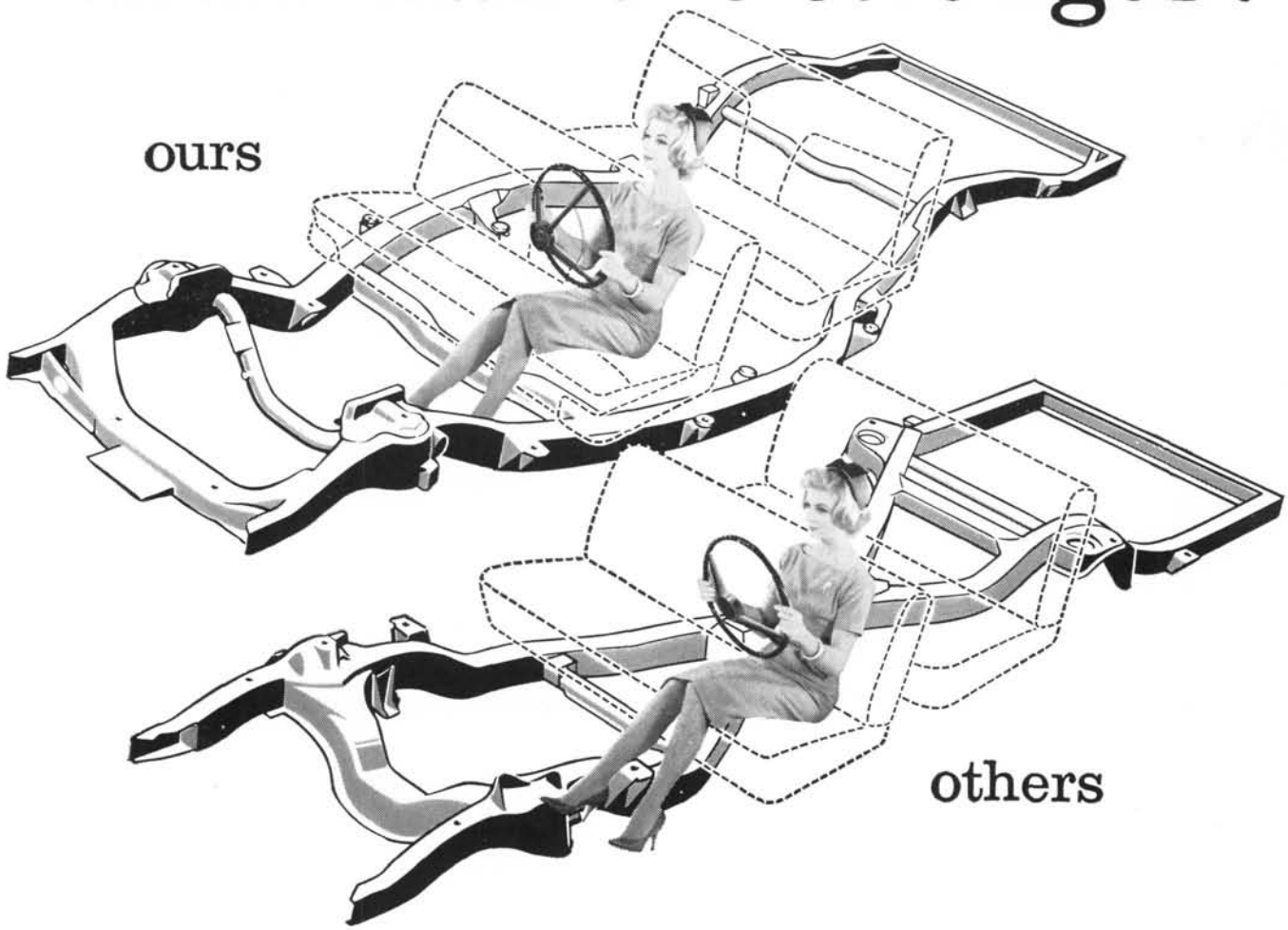
Which frame is stronger?



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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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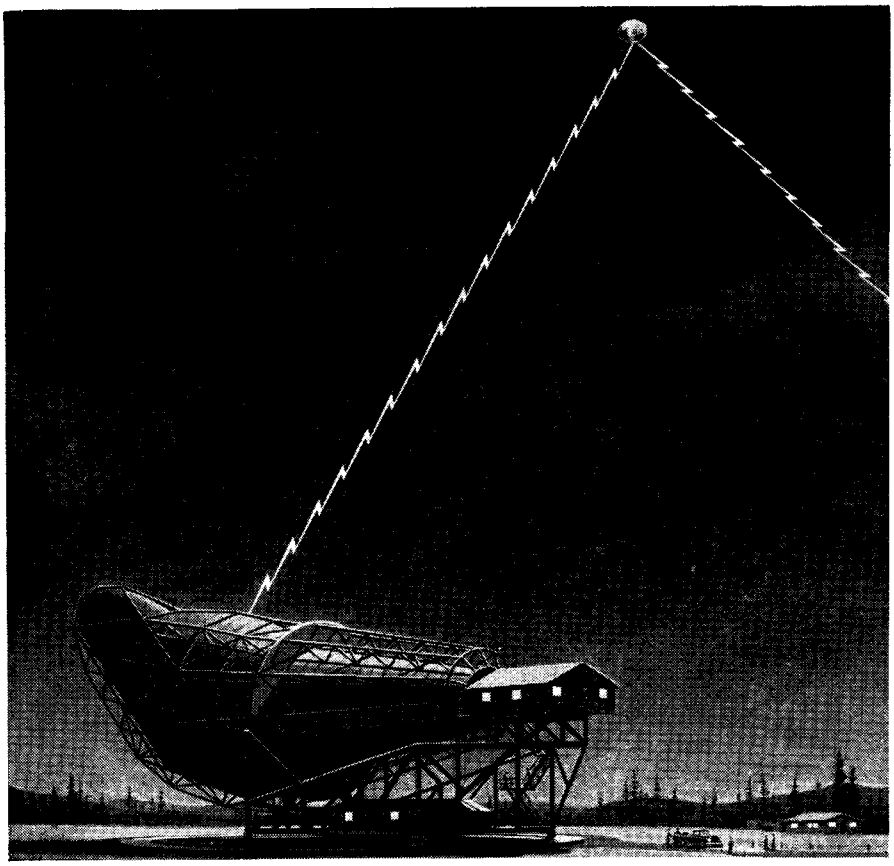

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Saturday Review

JUNE 3, 1961

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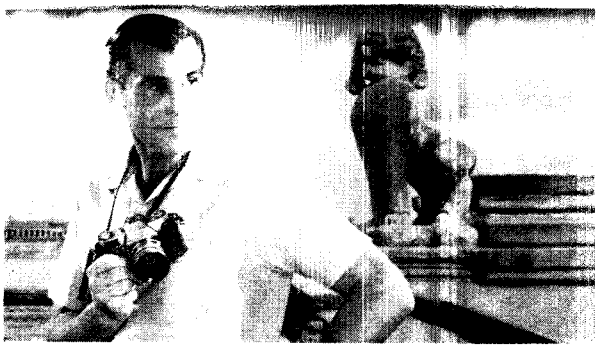

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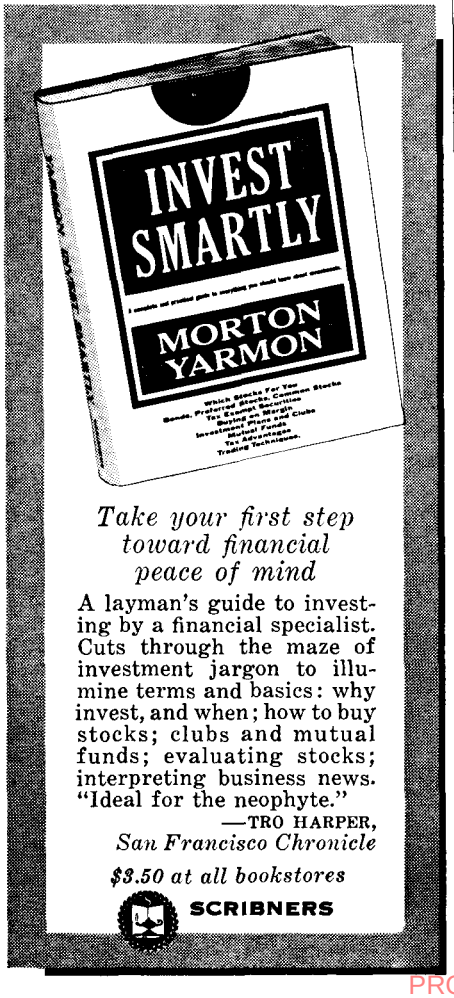

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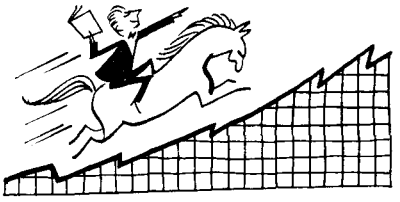
SCRIBNERS

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

OF ALL the topsy-turvy aspects of our post-boom recession, or post-recession boom, depending on how you look at it, none is more turvy than the stock market—particularly where it concerns show business. This is really the business there's no business like, and from the literary stocks on down, it is obviously a thinking man's market—for those, of course, who don't think.

First the book stocks went wild, an awful lot of people having discovered, for the first time apparently, that there



was such a business. Then the movie business got into trouble and MGM divorced Loew's Theatres and things like that, and then, sure enough, MGM became a great little buy. Afterward, Loew's Theatres started tearing down perfectly good movie theatres all over the place—like, for instance, the great Loew's 72nd on our block—and right away Loew's Theatres became practically a blue chip. (As for MCA, well, that boom was a natural—it began that night Jack Paar started tearing them down.) Elsewhere in the field, Curtis Publishing came out with a really gloomy report, passed its preferred dividend, and announced it had lost nineteen cents a share on the common—and, presto, of course, Curtis boomed.

We've long had a theory that one of the reasons for the recession is that people are buying the stocks themselves instead of the things the stocks make. We realize, of course, that in the stock market there is a seller for every buyer, but we are going to stick to our theory just the same. And we've got a brand-new idea for a brand new gold-plated, built-in, recession-proof blue chip—a company that doesn't make anything and promises it never will.

• • •

One thing that was, along with June, busting out all over was the magazine market. For our present economy this field looked almost foolproof. As far back as 1788 Noah Webster, writing in America's first magazine, had given excellent gloomy news. "The expectation of failure," he wrote, "is connected with the very name of a Magazine." And for people who thought that nowadays things might be better—i.e., worse—there was always the reassuring rumor that Time Inc. had poured, so far, $23,000,000 into *Sports Illustrated*—all of it, apparently, into good sound red inc. In any case, last month the New York *Times* listed no fewer than sixteen new or forthcoming magazines, and we found one more, making seventeen—to wit, *The American Gun, Atlas, Back Stage, Bravo!, Caterpillar, Continent, Country Beautiful, Current, Fifty Plus, Harvest Years, Monocle, Music, Poetry Dial, The Second Coming, Show, Show Business Illustrated,* and *Viewpoint.*

• • •

Of these "upstart collections"—as Alexander Pope once called magazines in general—we were particularly taken with the title *Second Coming,* one derived from the William Butler Yeats poem of the same name. "We started the magazine," says editor Samuel Butler Edwards, "in the hope of eventually providing young writers with a vehicle for a 'Second Coming' of the American intellect in the second half of the twentieth century." Edwards, a former Army paratrooper, is twenty-two, and the average age of his staff is twenty-three. The Grand Old Man of the staff is publisher Jack Rennert. He's twenty-four.

Caterpillar, on the other hand, is frankly devoted to satire—"the most trenchant form," the editors say, "of social and political criticism." The first article discussed "Africa's Non-Trouble Spot"—Libya—the only trouble of any kind being, apparently, that no one in America, including the newspapers, ever spells it right. The second article compared Jack IV (i.e., John F. Kennedy) with Henry V, and we also noted a section called "Too Good to Be True," including a quotation from a book entitled "Basketball, for the Player, the Fan and the Coach," viz. "The simplest method of getting possession of the ball is to let the other team make a basket."

• • •

Obviously, with the theatre having all sorts of troubles, this field stands out in the new trend. Anyway, there are half a dozen new entries here, ranging from *Back Stage* to *Bravo!* The latter, to be published by Arthur Whittemore, Kenneth Boyer, and L. Slade Brown, is devoted to the music

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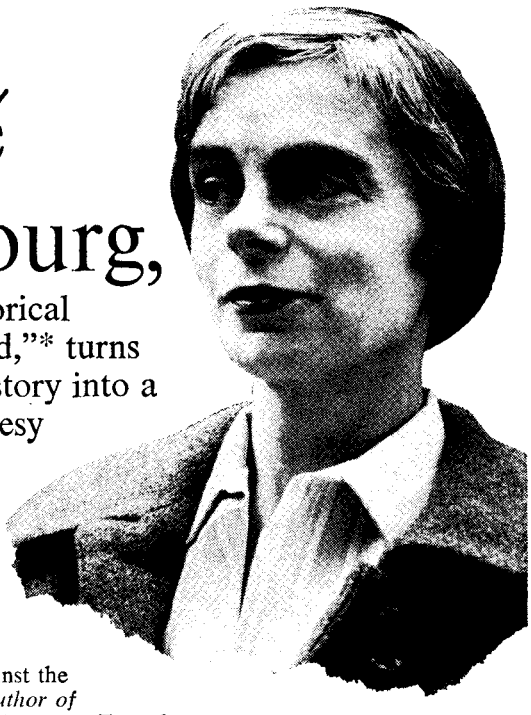

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field. ("A $1,500,000,000 field," they assured us, "bigger than General Motors." Frankly it sounded much too profitable to be successful.) Ironically, both the major entries in the field will be published by relatively controversial figures—Hugh Hefner, of *Show Business Illustrated*, being the publisher of *Playboy*, and Huntington Hartford, publisher of *Show*, being Huntington Hartford. ("Fortunately," he told us, "I'm absent-minded about details—so I leave them to other people.")

Show Business Illustrated, a biweekly, will come out first (August 23), and in Chicago we tracked down its editor, Frank Gibney, an ex-*Lifer* and author of no less than five books about international politics. An extremely able fellow, Gibney will be assisted by such out-of-Chicagoans as Bill Zinsser, regular critic, and Al Morgan in New York, Joe Hyams in Hollywood, and Herb Caen in San Francisco; other staffers are art editor Leonard Jossel, Lee Gottlieb, Marvin Barrett, William Ewald, and Sheward Hagerty, the last three all from *Newsweek*. "You can really call anything show business nowadays," Gibney told us. "We'll cover everything from the World Series to the President's press conferences. We've got a girl going to Washington for us, and I think there's a whole new field for us opening up there."

• • •

Back in New York, we called on the new editor of *Show*, a monthly that will be out in September. Also an able citizen, he is Robert Wool, and he is ex of *Look* and Dartmouth. *Show*'s name-dressing contributors range from Harold Clurman to Harry Golden, its senior editors being art editor Henry Wolf, ex of *Harper's Bazaar*, Richard Schickel, of "The World of Carnegie Hall," and Helen Lawrence, ex ex of *Vanity Fair*. Wool told us he already had 150 pieces "in the bank." "You can play a lot of house with these things, you know. Now we're raring to go. My orientation isn't show business. It's social and political. But I have always looked on the performing arts as a reflection of the social and political. For instance, I wanted to do a piece on the Supreme Court Justices—what they like in show business and what their tastes as men are. Right now, though, it's fallen through. We found out it just wasn't as interesting as we thought."

Why, we wanted to know. "Why?" repeated Wool. "Do you know what Earl Warren likes best in television?" We said we didn't. "Westerns," said Wool quietly, tapping the table. "Honestly, that's what he said. Chief Justice Warren. *Westerns*."

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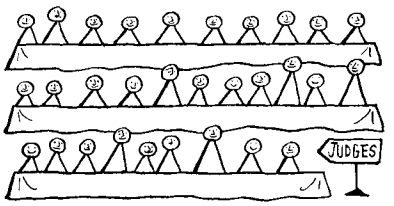
TRADE Winds

IT TOOK thirty authors, educators, and literary critics to do the judging in the thirty-sixth annual creative-writing competition sponsored by the Sheaffer Pen Company for high school students. That's because there were 158,000 entries submitted, of which 461 won



prizes. The Sheaffer Pen people don't mind at all that 149,000 manuscripts were typewritten. (Several handwritten ones won prizes.)

I RAN INTO a young fellow named Alexander Federoff, author of last year's "The Side of the Angels" (Obolensky). He's working hard making the novel into a script for a United Artists motion picture, and every day Otto Preminger comes and breathes over his shoulder.

Federoff was born and brought up in New Orleans, where he spent most of the last ten years trying to write and hold down a job, too. Finally he finished and mailed "The Side of the Angels," figuring the years he spent on it had been wasted, and took off for Hollywood, where he heard writers were rolling in dough.

That was about a year ago. As he drove into Los Angeles he turned on the car radio and heard that the Writer's Guild had struck the studios. It was a strike that lasted five months. Without any money to go back home to his wife and two little kids in New Orleans, Federoff pounded the pavements and read want ads. He landed a job as accountant with a manufacturer of epaulets and battle ribbons. Before he applied for the position, however, he bought and studied a dollar book entitled "Basic Bookkeeping."

He was already head accountant with a fine future ahead of him, when the strike ended and he was forced to go back to doing scripts for Perry Mason. Then "Angels" came out. Big success. Now the Federoffs have everything: a lovely home in Hollywood, an apartment in New York, epaulets, battle ribbons—you name it.

"My standards have gone so topsy-turvy," he told me, "that I don't even remember how much I earned in the accounting job."

He is still hanging on to "Basic Bookkeeping," nevertheless.

GLANCING THROUGH his July 13, 1893, issue of the Chicago *Daily News*, Merton Babcock read this in Eugene Field's column, "Sharps and Flats":

"The writer of 'Sharps and Flats' requests that publishers and authors send him no more paper-covered books. He simply throws away all books of this kind, it being his notion that a book that is worth reading is surely worth keeping, and is therefore entitled to a durable dress."

IN THE MARCH *National Geographic* author H. V. Morton writes about Ireland. To illustrate the Irish temperament he quotes his favorite story:

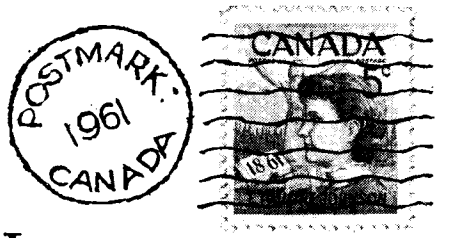
Two disgruntled men were hiding behind a hedge, waiting to shoot their landlord. Said one, "I wonder what's keepin' him. He's late this evenin'."

"He's late, shurely," said the other. "I hope nothin' has happened to the poor ould gentleman."

I'VE FINALLY had the whole African question settled to my own satisfaction. I mean to say that the confused and constantly changing picture has been brought into a delightful moment of clarity by a new novel called "Jimmy Riddle." The book won the Putnam $10,000 Award. I am sure that royalties will cover that generous outlay by the publisher.

The author, Ian Brook, was in the British Colonial Service, and I guess he wrote this good-humored book to relieve the frustration such a man must feel about the way colonial affairs go in Africa. In "Jimmy Riddle" everything turns out wonderfully well. The little district of Alabasa, in the remote section of a British possession near the equator, is the scene of action. The country is in the throes of a liberalization movement that will give the inhabitants the benefits of democracy and self-government. But is that a good thing?

The hero of the story is Jimmy Rid-



IF HE HADN'T BEEN SHOT, dangerous Dan McGrew might well have whiled away the hours in that Malemute saloon singing "We'll be married when the ice worms nest again . . ." Very sentimental song. And be at peace—there are no ice worms in Canada or anywhere else, so far as we know; Robert Service was joking. The song lives on, however, one of many Canadian folk ballads sung across the continent from the Yukon ("the land of pale blue snow") to the squid-jiggin' grounds off Newfoundland.

The folk songs of Canada nicely balance the intimate with the patriotic. Consider "The Poor Little Girls of Ontario," touching lament of maidens whose bachelor friends were striking off for the north-west. ("I'll find me a husband and a good one, too/If I have to go through to Cariboo.") Consider, too, "Come all ye bold Canadians," celebrating a battle in the War of 1812.

In Canada you'll hear many songs reminiscent of American ballads, for we share so much of a colorful past . . . and you'll learn some new ones, too. There'll be a feast of folk songs at Orillia, Ontario, during the Mariposa Folk Festival, August 18th and 19th, and in August, too, the International Folk Music Society's annual conference will be held in Quebec City, with evening concerts open to the public . . . folk songs and ballads will fill the air at Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, and at the Miramichi Folk Festival in New Brunswick. In Toronto, cheek-by-jowl with sophisticated dining rooms and restaurants, you'll find several delightful clubs where the folk song cognoscenti gather.

Come over the border to Canada . . . luxuriate at distinctive resorts, golf, fish and swim in parks and playgrounds, thrill to the pomp and pageantry of the Changing of the Guard on Ottawa's Parliament Hill. Our color booklet, "Invitation to Canada," will give you a delightful preview. Write The Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. As they sang two hundred years ago, "There's wood and there's water, there's wild fowl and tame; In the forest, good ven'son, good fish in the stream."

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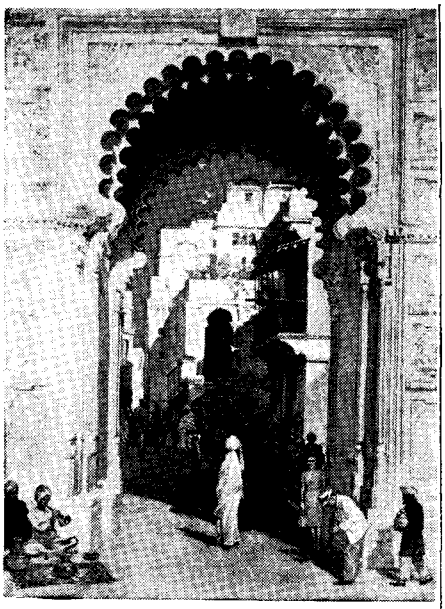

What lies beyond the fretted archway?

Walk through the archway and you may find a bazaar riotous with the colors of many-hued flowers, of golden fruit and gleaming silks. A few steps may bring you close to a sculptured temple, centuries old yet miraculously intact.

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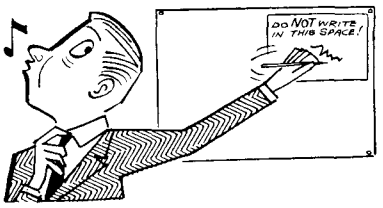
dle, the District Commissioner of Alabasa. You can't help but love him. In fact, everybody loves him, from the lowliest African to the highest official of the Colonial Office. But Jimmy is in the worst kind of trouble, and the country is, too, because of old tribal chiefs, young local politicians, a visiting female prison reformer from England, a good-looking girl anthropologist, and other characters that appear on the scene.

The turmoil becomes serenity through the unconventional actions of this great guy, Jimmy Riddle. It's so nice to read a happy ending. Even the villains are pleasant. In the process of telling the story, the author jabs his satiric weapons into every imaginable target, particularly the British Colonial Office. No wonder he signed his novel with a pseudonym.

HERE'S SOMETHING that's bothered me for a long time. Every time I have to fill out one of the numerous forms we are given these days—income tax, school registration, license applications, and so forth—there is always at least one and often more little boxes where it says, "Do Not Write in This Space."

Why do they say that? First, do



people have an unconquerable urge to write in spaces that there is no earthly reason to write in? It seems to me the notice should also be put on the backs of the applications, where the largest empty space always is. Or don't they care if you write on the back space?

Second, isn't it more likely that, if they call attention to the fact that you are being *forbidden* to write in the space, you will want more than ever to write in it?

Third, there is already writing, or printing, in the space. The notice that says "Do Not Write in This Space" is written *in* the space; otherwise, if the notice were *outside* the space, it would have to read, "Do Not Write in That Space."

Fourth, is it therefore all right to write in spaces where it does not say not to write in them?

Fifth, supposing for some reason you got an application and there was a spot where it said, "Write in This Space," *what would you write?*

See what a nation of helpless, aimless sheep you are? You can't even think of anything to write in a space

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in case you had permission to do so. Someone has to tell you everything. This is not my last word on ridiculous application forms. My next comments will be directed to sections headed "Remarks." I am trying to think of some remarks. Printable ones. If I think of any I shall write them right here, in this space:

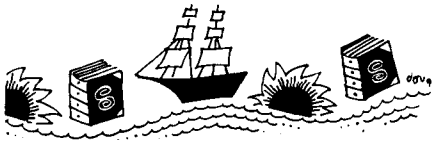
SHARPS AND FLATS: Janis was watching a historical motion picture when a headline flashed on the screen: Job Hunter Kills President Garfield. Later she wanted to know if he was any relation to Tab.

►A sailor stole a four-engine bomber and flew it from San Diego to Shreveport, Louisiana, according to the papers. He is Machinist Mate First Class Robert Swain, and not a pilot. This is the part of the story I like: "According to the Navy, he refused to say why he took the plane." Do you always have to have a *reason* for stealing a four-engine bomber?

►Milton Wend, director of the Human Engineering Laboratory, was pleased to hear a New England station broadcasting an appeal to its listeners during National Library Week. The advantage of reading more books was sold very effectively, he says. The broadcast ended with these words: "To get more fun out of life, know your librarian."

►Aaron Stookey says that if pink were the favorite color of American automobile owners, the United States would be a pink carnation.

—Jerome Beatty.

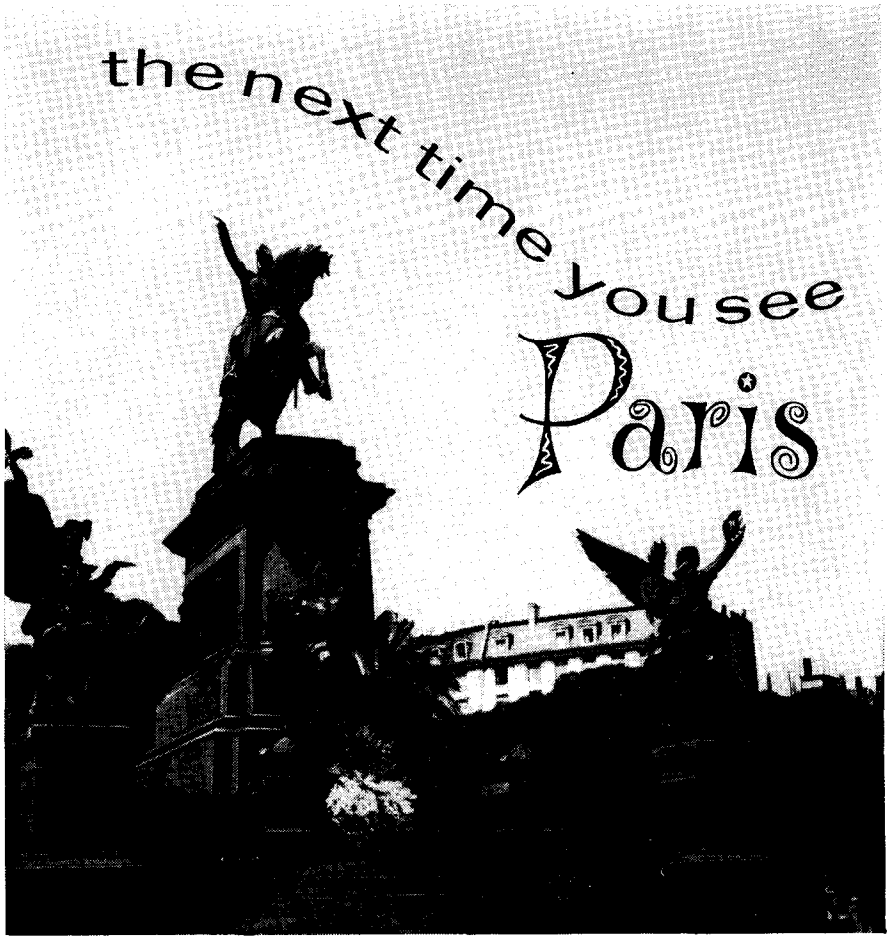


Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1418)

R. A. Lattimore:
UNDERNEATH SLEEP

(From "Dartmouth Verse of 1925"; suggested by Keith Blake)

And she, the nymph, is only the moon
Painting with silver a dancing tree.
She that I loved in days passed over,
That used to lie in a death-like swoon
Within my arms, has forgotten me
And walks by night with another lover.



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Saturday Review
JUNE 3, 1961

HOW TO READ DANTE

By JOHN CIARDI, *SR's poetry editor, whose translation of "Purgatorio" will be published by Mentor later this year. His translation of the "Inferno" appeared in 1954.*

IN THE opening allegory of "The Divine Comedy," Dante finds himself lost and in darkness:

> Midway in our life's journey, I went astray
> from the straight road and woke to find myself
> alone in a dark wood.

These are familiar allegorical devices and no sensitive reader will fail to understand that "the straight road" has something to do with rectitude ("the straight and narrow"), that "the dark wood" has something to do with error/sinfulness/loss of purpose, and—by extension—that the proper course must lie in finding the light.

Having "something to do with" is not close enough, however. Dante demands more careful reading. Because of that demand, because of the immense and minute scholarship that has been expended upon Dante, and because too few English readers have been pointed in the right direction to him, Dante has acquired a reputation as an immensely difficult poet.

It is true that Dante writes in depth. Though his language is normally simple, his thought is normally complex. But if the gold of Dante runs deep, it also runs right up to the surface. A lifetime of devoted scholarship will not mine all that gold; yet enough lies on the surface—or just an inch below—to make a first reading a bonanza in itself. All one really needs is some first instruction in what to look for. Thereafter he need only follow the vein as it goes deeper and deeper into the core of things.

The instruction may properly begin with those opening lines. "Midway in our life's journey," writes Dante. The reader must understand that Dante is not tossing off a poetic generalization. "Our life's journey" means specifically the "three score years and ten" of the Biblically allotted life span. "Midway," therefore, means that Dante was thirty-five years old at the time of which he writes. Since he was born in 1265, it follows that the poem opens in the year 1300. And from a number of statements that can be culled from the poem, the careful reader can learn that the exact time is just before dawn of Good Friday.

By culling certain other statements, most of which are made at once, the reader may further learn that the sun is at the vernal equinox, that it is in the sign of Aries (the zodiacal sign in which God placed it at the Creation), and that the moon is full. These elements, added to the fact that it is the hour of the dawn and the season of Easter, clearly compound a massive symbol of rebirth. All things are at their regenerative peak when the lost soul realizes it has gone astray, for that realization is itself the beginning of the soul's rebirth.

SCHOLARS have since shown that there was no Friday in the year 1300 on which all these conditions obtained. Dante, moreover, was a close student of astronomy and astrology. He knew that no such conjunction of sun, moon, zodiacal sign, and Easter season had taken place. He invented that conjunction as a full-swelling introductory theme in what amounts to a symphonic structure. The poem sounds its first chords with first light striking through darkness. In what follows, the darkness must grow more and more absolute to the very depth of dark (Hell); the light must then begin to overcome the darkness (Purgatory); and finally the "music" must mount from light to light to the ultimate indescribable glory of the all-blazing presence of God at the peak of Heaven.

As soon as Dante recognizes that he is lost and in darkness, he looks up and sees the first light of the new day glowing on the shoulders of a little hill. Throughout "The Divine Comedy," the sun ("that planet/whose virtue leads men straight on every road") is a symbol for God, for Divine Illumination. In "Purgatorio," for example, souls may climb only in the light of the sun: once it has set, it is possible for them to descend, but they lack the power to move upward even so much as an inch. Only in the light of God may one ascend that road, for that is the light to which the soul must win.

Another allegorical theme begins immediately. Dante, in his passion to reach the light (God), races straight up the hill to it. He uses a grand and typical synechdoche to describe his speed, saying that he raced up that slope at such a pace "that the fixed foot was ever the lower."

Synechdoche is that figure of speech in which a part is taken to represent the whole. A less certain writer might have reached for all sorts of great metaphors to describe the speed of his climb. Dante focuses on a single detail that does for all. If the feet of a man climbing a steep slope move in such a way that the moving foot is forever above the one that is pausing, it follows that the climb must be taking place at a blurring speed—in fact, at an impossible rate, whereby hyperbole must be added to synechdoche as a reinforcement of the poetic effect. The point for the reader to remember is that it will not do to slide over Dante's details. They will take thinking about because they took thought to find.

There is perhaps nothing so entirely impressive about "The Divine Comedy" as its power of mind. The true mark of any writer is in the choices he makes. Having written three words, he must choose a fourth. Having written four,

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he must choose a fifth. Nothing happens into a good poem; everything must be chosen into it. A poem may be thought of as a construction for making choices, and it is in the quality of his choices that Dante makes his greatness known. His language and his prosody can be rough and awkward. Anyone who reads the original will wonder at times if this is really "poetry." Very well, then, let it be prose, if one insists on folly. But if it is prose, it is prose of a previously unknown order, for the depth and multiplicity of mind that seem to function at every choice have not been matched in any piece of Western writing.

Meanwhile, back at the narrative, Dante is racing up the slope to what would be immediate salvation, could he manage to reach that light. The sinner has realized he is in darkness, he has seen the light, he ardently desires it, and he races to be received by it. But salvation is not to be had that easily: Dante finds his way blocked by three beasts. There is a She-wolf that represents the sins of Incontinence, a Lion that represents the sins of Violence and Bestiality, and a Leopard that represents Fraud. The beasts themselves are derived from Jeremiah; the three categories of sin are derived from Aristotle. Into these three categories fall all the sins of the world. The Three Beasts therefore, represent the total blindness of which the world is capable. Symphonically, they also foreshadow the three divisions of Hell through which Dante must journey. In the Hell of the She-wolf are punished the sins of excessive animal appetite. In the lower Hell, the Hell of the Lion, are punished the sins of bestial violence. In the lowest Hell, the Hell of the Leopard, are punished the sins of fraud, worse than the sins of bestiality because they involve the perversion of the higher gift of intellect—a beast, that is to say, can murder; but only a rational being, by perverting the gift of rationality, can commit a fraudulent act.

These three beasts drive Dante back into the darkness, blocking the direct and easy way to that light. In that darkness, when all seems to have been lost, and when Dante can find no way around those beasts of worldliness, there appears to him the figure of Virgil.

Virgil is a complex figure, combining within himself, among other things, the classical heritage, genius, magic powers, and Dante's personal devotion. On the first level, however, it will do to take him as representing Human Reason in its best development. More subtly, he may be taken as Esthetic Wisdom, the knowledge of the true poet. For present purposes let him be taken simply as representing Human Reason. In that role, he points out that there is no such express road to God as Dante had imagined in racing up the hill: "He must go by another way who would escape this wilderness."

The other way—the long way round—is the total journey into ultimate darkness and out again to ultimate light. Such is the arduous road of "The Divine Comedy." It is the painful descent into Hell—to the recognition of sin. It is the difficult ascent of Purgatory—to the renunciation of sin. Then only may Dante begin the soaring flight into Paradise, to the rapturous presence of God. God, that is to say, may be found only the other side of the total self-searching experience of a zealous life. There are no short cuts to that totally encompassing experience. Salvation must grow out of understanding, total understanding can follow only from total experience, and experience must be won by the laborious discipline of shaping one's absolute attention. The object is to achieve God, and Dante's God exists in no state of childlike innocence: He is total knowledge and only those who have truly experienced knowledge can begin to approach Him.

Virgil, as Human Reason, is the first guide to that ultimate knowledge, but Virgil cannot guide Dante all the way. Reason is finite and God is infinite. The greater guide, in the medieval concept, was Faith. Reason was merely the handmaiden of Faith. Virgil can guide Dante to the recognition of sin and to its renunciation, which is to say, through Hell and to the top of Purgatory. But once at that summit, the soul has achieved purity. It has risen beyond Reason. It is ready to enter the Divine Mysteries. And there Beatrice (call her Divine Love) must take over.

IT was in her infinite compassion as Divine Love that Beatrice sent Reason to the man's soul in his hour of darkness, that Reason might serve as his guide to bring him into her higher presence. One may not simply wish himself into that higher presence. That presence must be won to by devout labor.

That devout labor is what might be called the basic plot and the basic journey of "The Divine Comedy." All that follows, once the journey has begun, is an amplification of themes that

Four Stages of the Journey

The Dark Wood

Purgatory

Hell

Paradise

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have already been established. That much understood, the writing itself will best explain itself as it unfolds—always, of course, with the help of those indispensable footnotes.

When, however, one has read all the way through the poem and has returned to reread these first Cantos, he will find many other themes rooted in them. There are four such themes that any beginning reader will do well to grasp as particularly able to enrich his first experience.

The first has to do with Dante's sinfulness. What sin was it that had brought him into the dark wood of Error? Dante was expelled from Florence on charges of having been a grafter, and some commentators have tried to identify his guilt in that charge. In "Purgatorio" Dante himself recognizes that he is guilty of Pride, and to some extent of Wrath. He has both those offenses to pay for when he returns to Purgatory after his death. But the charges against Dante were certainly trumped up by his political enemies, and no specific act of Pride or Wrath can be cited to account for Dante's opening mood. His offense was, rather, Acedia. Let it serve to label this first theme.

The Seven Deadly Sins for which souls suffer in Purgatory are—in ascending order—Pride, Envy, Wrath, Acedia, Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust. Acedia is the central one, and it may well be the sin the twentieth century lost track of. Acedia is generally translated as Sloth. But that term in English tends to connote not much more than laziness and physical slovenliness. For Dante, Acedia was a central spiritual failure. It was the failure to be sufficiently active in the pursuit of the recognized Good. It was to acknowledge Good, but without fervor.

THE spiritual awakening to which Dante comes in the Dark Wood—the enormous rebirth—is the awareness of the fact that he has not been sufficiently zealous in his pursuit of the Good. "The Divine Comedy" is the zealous journey from the man's recognized spiritual torpor (neglect of God) to the active pursuit of his soul's good (love of God). Every step of that journey may simultaneously be understood as the man's active embrace of his Godly experience, as the soul's active pursuit of the love of Good, and as the artist's active pursuit of form.

The second theme—perhaps it is not so much a theme as a method—is inseparable from the others. Call it the Five Levels. In a letter to his patron, Can Grande della Scala, Dante explicitly names four levels of meaning that he intends all the way through "The Divine Comedy"—*narrative, allegorical, moral,* and *anagogical.* That letter may, as many scholars contend, be a forgery. Whether genuine or not, what it states explicitly is clearly implicit in the writing. And to those four stated levels may be added a fifth: the journey seen as a *progress of the soul.*

DANTE was a parochial man. He was persuaded that the One Truth had been revealed to him, and he was intolerant of all non-Catholic views. He refused, for example, to think of Mohammed as a religious leader but dismissed him as a schismatic and heretic

(*Continued on page* 53)

Three conceptions of Geryon, the monster of Fraud—above, a nineteenth-century romantic treatment by Dore; upper right, a fourteenth-century Italian manuscript showing Geryon at three different moments; lower right, the same subject by Botticelli. Dore depicts the descent from the cliff (Seventh Circle) of Hell; the other two show the cliff before the descent. In the two pictures at right, note the stylized fire falling on the sinners gathered in Hell.

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Midway to Destruction

By Granville Hicks

THE SADDEST subject for a literary journalist is a book in which talent and consecration and tremendous labor come to nothing, or at any rate to nowhere near enough. In "**Clem Anderson**" (Simon & Schuster, $5.95) R. V. Cassill has tried to show the rise and fall of a man of genius. At times Clem reminds the reader of Dylan Thomas, and occasionally other contemporary writers are brought to mind, but this is not a novel with a key. Clem is Cassill's creation, intended, I assume, to be a quintessential figure. Cassill tries hard to get to the bottom of things, but, unfortunately, the depths prove to be murky.

The novel begins in a bright and promising fashion. Richard Hartsell, teacher of English at a Midwestern college, tells of the visit paid by Clem Anderson, his friend of some years' standing, now highly esteemed as poet, novelist, and dramatist. Drunk when he arrives, Clem manages to get through his lecture creditably, but at the reception that follows he turns bad boy and insults an influential guest. The next day, moreover, he ducks out of an academic engagement he has made, and Hartsell has to drive him to Chicago to meet his new girl friend, a moving picture actress.

Here we have an acceptable portrayal of one of the familiar characters of our literary life in the past century and more—the greatly gifted man of letters who is bent on destroying himself. For Dick and Janet Hartsell, however, the tragedy is personal, not merely because they have known Clem in happier days but also because they are fond of his wife, Sheila, from whom, he tells them, he has separated. The question Dick asks himself, both as a friend and as a student of literature, is how all this came about.

Dick's answer to that question, which runs on for several hundred pages, becomes remarkably involved. The second section of the book is made up of unpublished passages from Clem's novel, passages about his boyhood. This is a clumsy device, since considerable editorial explanation is necessary, but, what is more important, the passages do not give us much understanding of Clem. The two love affairs he describes are supposed to throw light on his later relations with women, many women, but for me they clarify nothing. All I am sure of is that he was a boy with a lot of imagination.

From now on, except in a section in which he quotes from Clem's wartime letters to Sheila, Dick is on his own as narrator. His narrative, however, is of several sorts. Sometimes he describes what he has himself witnessed. Sometimes he reconstructs events on the basis of what Clem or other specified persons have told him. And sometimes he functions as an omniscient novelist, entering freely into Clem's mind or anyone else's. By the time the reader has adjusted himself to a series of shifts in method, he is likely to feel that Cassill has not chosen the best possible form for his novel.

WHAT Cassill, working through this mixture of methods, tries to do is to show the emergence of Clem's genius, its growth to maturity, and its decline. As in several biographies of literary figures that I can think of, the decline is made to seem a good deal more real than the early stages. The origin of genius is always mysterious, and Cassill does not pretend otherwise. Clem, who arrives at college with the extremely unrealistic belief that he is going to become a great football star, comes, as a result of some chance contacts, to the conviction that he is going to be a great poet. This time he is right.

Much has to happen, of course, before his talent ripens, and Cassill spares us few details; but at last, after the war, Clem produces a volume of poetry that is recognized by the discriminating as first-rate. Dick Hartsell sees him in Paris in 1950, with his wife and children, and feels that all is going as smoothly with him as it could possibly go. He has literary standing, and money is not at the moment a difficult problem. Domesticity seems to sit easily on him. He has his friends and admirers. And yet his decline is about to begin.

The stages of that decline are, as I have suggested, made vivid to us. We have already seen Clem midway in his downfall in the opening description of his visit to Dick Hartsell's college, and we are confronted with many other impressive episodes. The reasons for his decline, on the other hand, are not clear. Sheila attributes it to his disappointment over a play from which he had expected both wealth and prestige. There is also a suggestion that the state of American civilization in the early Fifties is not conducive to the health of a poet, and Cassill devotes considerable space to Clem's experiences with a McCarthyite editor and other misadventures. But Hartsell insists that what happens to Clem comes from within him, and is not determined by outside forces. Indeed, he seems to be saying that Clem is in some mysterious way fulfilling his destiny.

There is an account of Clem's experiences at a writers' conference soon after his return from Europe. The conference itself is described with considerable shrewdness, and Clem, surrounded by his little band of disciples, seems as real as at any point in the book. But what is central in this section, from Cassill's point of view, is a mystical vision that comes to Clem under strange circumstances. What this vision is supposed to mean I can only begin to conjecture.

Much else that happens to Clem before he comes to the inevitable sorry end is obscure, and I am particularly perplexed by some of Hartsell's postmortem comments. For instance, he says: "So at last I prefer to rest my appraisal of Clem as artist on the poem that was never written. I assume the justice due to his human failure depends on the value I place on that poem." Another passage is also perplexing but at least suggestive: "He [Clem] whose life had been so polymythic in its circumstances has found a peculiar grace in his faith that he was living to its end the myth of the poet." Almost every word in the sentence bothers me, but I take it to mean that Cassill was trying to use the techniques and strategies of modern poetry to tell the story of a modern poet.

Such an experiment could result in either a very great book or a failure, and what Cassill has written is not a great book. The story is told in a cumbersome fashion, and there are blocks of unnecessary material. Trying to be always profound, Cassill is often merely obscure, and many a sentence is atrocious. Sometimes the writing is careless: he speaks, for example, of "a bona fide stigmata." As he has proved in many short stories, Cassill can be a fine craftsman, and there are scenes that are admirable. Moreover, in some splendid moments his man of genius really lives for us. But an author has to be judged by what he has tried to do, and here the verdict cannot be favorable.

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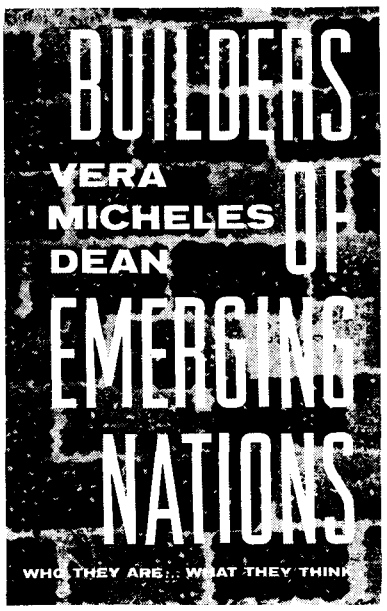
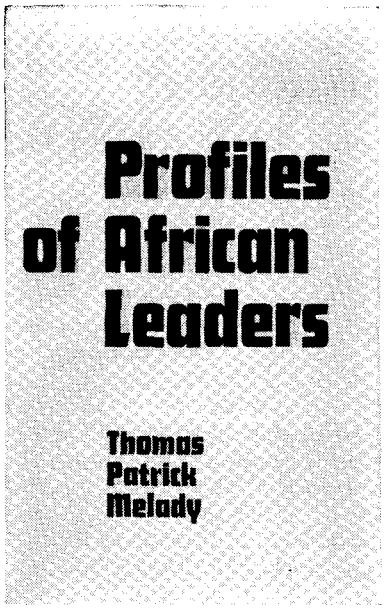
Books in the News





Who's New in the Headlines

By Robert Massie, *who is an associate editor in the foreign news section of Newsweek magazine.*

OVERNIGHT the face of the world has changed. Fifty new nations have sprouted up since the end of World War II; eighteen became independent in 1960 alone. These new lands stretch across vast areas of the globe, their statesmen dominate the proceedings of the U.N. General Assembly, their favor is the prize of deadly competition between East and West. The leaders of these new nations are men of ambition, ruthlessness, courage, and magnetism whose decisions could directly affect the lives of all of us. Yet, for the most part, we know little about them. We have heard of Nehru and Nasser, Nkrumah and Nyerere, but what do we really know about their lives and hopes?

In **"Builders of Emerging Nations"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5), a collection of eighteen thumbnail biographies, Vera Micheles Dean, editor of the Foreign Policy Association publications, has attempted with mixed success to supply some of this information for general consumption. A few of the leaders she introduces are already titans, such as Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung, and Nehru. Others come from lands that are not yet free, as for example Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere and Kenya's Tom Mboya. Two have died: Turkey's Kemal Ataturk and the Philippines' Ramón Magsaysay. But all of them have been marked by two common traits: each has lifted his own country out of the rut of its past and all have had an impact on world affairs.

Mrs. Dean presents the eighteen leaders, region by region, preceding their biographies with a capsulized study of the major problems confronting them and their neighbors. In Latin America, she explains, both Cuba's Fidel Castro and Venezuela's Rómulo Betancourt faced an overwhelming demand for land reform; they have answered the demand in different ways. She describes Prime Minister Nehru's attempt to raise the living standards of India's teeming multitudes without sacrificing democracy, and then in contrast records Mao Tse-tung's drive to industrialize China regardless of human cost. She observes the implications in the Middle East of the sudden eruption of David Ben-Gurion's Israeli state into an Arab world that was only just winning its own independence. And she notes the difficulties involved in building in Africa anything like a Western political democracy on the still flourishing tribalism of that continent. In sum, Mrs. Dean warns her readers that most of her eighteen subjects are conducting simultaneous political, social, and economic revolutions of a kind that took the West many centuries to complete. She feels that the most vital ingredient in our approach to these new nations is tolerance.

Mrs. Dean certainly did not intend this book to do more than scan the surface of history and biography, but doubtless she did hope to provide a useful guide to names in the news. Unhappily, its usefulness in this respect is limited by the number of errors that stud its pages. Most of them would have been corrected easily by checking. It would have come to light, for example, that King Faisal of Iraq was assassinated in 1958, not in 1956, and that his successor, Brigadier General Karim Kassim, has been Premier, but never President, of that country. Similarly, Fidel Castro has always been Premier, never President, of Cuba. And if Georgi Malenkov is actually in charge of an atomic power plant in the Soviet Union that is an item of news. He was last reported by the press to be running an obscure hydroelectric station in Kazakhstan.

When it comes to Africa, Mrs. Dean's information is in even greater disarray. Ghana became independent in 1957, not in 1958 as she says at one point, and Ghana's leader, Kwame Nkrumah, was first appointed Prime Minister in 1952, not in 1951. Tanganyika will be free in 1961, not in 1965, and no man in Kenya, black or white, would accept her prediction that Kenya will be free "before 1970." The blacks demand and the whites accept that Kenya must have its independence within the next two years at the latest. Finally, it is difficult to understand how Mrs. Dean can describe Julius Nyerere as "tall." The charming Tanganyikan stands not a whit over 5′6″.

These may seem quibbles, but in a book of this sort errors lead quickly to distrust. A more general warning should be laid before the average reader: Mrs. Dean's writing style is tangled and exceedingly difficult to follow. Sentences of eighty to a hundred words raise towering walls of prose across which one can scramble after only the most intensive effort.

This book's most serious disappointment, however, lies in its failure to breathe life into the men it portrays. Besides being important political personages, these eighteen leaders are human beings; the fact that they have created nations and wield enormous power should make them that much more fascinating as human beings. Mrs. Dean has completely missed this opportunity. In essence, her book presents important facts, by and large accurately, but in a form that can only be describe as "canned."

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Pioneers of Statecraft

By Emil Lengyel, *professor of history at Fairleigh Dickinson University, a student of Africa.*

REPRESENTATIVES of "new Africa" south of the Sahara comprise the majority of the dozen-odd men whom Thomas Patrick Melady sketches briefly in **"Profiles of African Leaders"** (Macmillan, $4.95). Some of these leaders have achieved great fame, like, for instance, Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, and a potential Simon Bolívar of the continent. Several others have broken into headlines more recently: Leopold Senghor, who writes poetry in French besides being the President of Senegal, and Felix Houphouet-Boigny, agile politician of the Republic of Ivory Coast. Among others limned in this book are the President-Premier of Guinea, Sécou Touré, a "controversial" leader because of his flirtations with the Communist bloc; the youthful Tom Mboya, who achieved international fame before thirty and whose Kenya African National Union has just won a great election victory in an explosive area, and Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika, whose learned lectures at American colleges have made a good impression.

Dr. Melady writes as well about the leaders of the old-established countries: Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopa and President William V. S. Tubman of Liberia. In his profile of the "Conquering Lion of Judah, King of Kings, Elect of God," the Emperor of Ethiopia, the author features the monarch's role in international affairs and particularly his dramatic appearance before the League of Nations at the time his country was invaded by Mussolini's soldiers. Liberia's perennial President is shown in this book as a hard-working and public-spirited executive leading his country out of the darkness of the past into the light of modern times.

Lesser known African figures have also gotten their names into Dr. Melady's book, such as, for instance, the Prime Minister of Togo, Sylvanus Olympio, whose scraps with his neighbor Nkrumah have made exciting newspaper stories, and the President of the Republic of Cameroun, Ahmadou Ahidjo, whose country has been ablaze with disaffection. Due, no doubt, to the occupational hazards of writing about current African events the Congo occupies less than a page in this book and only two sentences are devoted to the most headline-emblazoned persons on the continent: "The government of Prime Minister Lumumba was in and out of power. The role of President Kasavubu was not clear."

Surveying the scene, the author believes that the African leaders "have walked onto the world stage with poise, self-assurance and steadfast dedication to their goals." But he is not quite sure about the chances of democracy. On the contrary, he foresees that, having learned from the sad example of the French Fourth Republic, some African leaders will try to avoid the pitfalls of the multiparty system.

Dr. Melady's idea of collecting the profiles of sub-Saharan African leaders was good. However, the execution of his plan has been less successful. The Ethiopian Emperor and the Liberian President are no newcomers to the African scene. Why not write about some of the other African leaders, especially about the colorful and dynamic Modibo Keita, Chief of State of the Republic of Mali, and the "strong man" of the Republic of the Sudan, General Ibrahim Abboud, an important man in a strategic position?

Also, the reader of this book should be on his guard against errors. There is no "City of Ifni" in the Sahara. There is a "Sidi Ifni." The Yorubas are not a "political group" in Nigeria, but an important tribe. There is no "Republic of Cameroons," but there is a Republic of Cameroun, a former French trusteeship, and there are the "Cameroons," a former British trusteeship. The author writes that the present Prime Minister of Nigeria, Alhaji Abubakar Tafewa Balewa, was given a warm welcome in the United States, and then he adds: "He noted that peoples of all races, colors and creeds live together as equal citizens all under the same Constitution, all with the same citizenship responsibilities, duties and privileges." The distinguished visitor, one might recall, saw also parts of the American South. Many of the people discussed in this book are new leaders representing new countries in an explosive setting. The opportunity presented itself to draw them plastically, and in depth, with some psychological insight. The sketches, however, are uncritical; some of them, in fact, read almost like publicity releases.

The Cannibals

By George Cuomo

THE abandoned car was a fifty-eight Plymouth,
With no dents, no marks, metal skin glistening.
It remained at our curb almost a week, untouched
Before the wandering kids began exploring,
Jimmying a vent, opening doors, climbing
In and out of windows, fighting for possession
Of the driver's seat, for pilot's privileges.
Although the cops, we knew, should have been notified,
No one felt the direct responsibility.

Late on the tenth night, another car came up
Without lights and stopped alongside. A man got out
And worked quickly in the dark, then drove away,
Still without lights. Only when he passed the lamppost
Could we see what kind of car he drove.
Others came, always at night, without lights,
Almost in order, as if around the corner
Somewhere someone stood directing them,
Some tribal chief, some wily cabalistic god.

On the fourteenth day, a sanitation truck came
To cart away the shell, the rest devoured, raped,
Everything gone: battery, tires, fuel pump,
Carburetor, cushions . . . and then the wraith-like
Midnight rendezvous of fifty-eight Plymouths ceased.

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Democracy in Steel and Stone

"The Architecture of America: A Social and Cultural History," by John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown. *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 508 pp. $15), tells America's swiftly moving cultural story and relates it to architectural expression. Albert Christ-Janer is dean of the Art School at Pratt Institute.*

By Albert Christ-Janer

HOW THE authors of this ambitious study of American culture managed to pack into it so much detailed, pertinent factual material about its art expressions is explained in the acknowledgments at the very end, long after the reader has passed the point of amazement.

To fulfill the assignment of the executive director of the American Institute of Architects in 1955 to write a centennial book on "the impact of our changing society on the profession and the resulting architecture" since the AIA was founded in 1857, MIT's Dean Burchard requested that his colleague, Professor Albert Bush-Brown, be his co-author. He also asked for assistance from some thirty qualified advisers who had "in their own work dealt with the whole of our subject or a significant part of it or with relevant historical materials in other fields." And he consulted architects from coast to coast, who arranged an educational itinerary for him as he traveled about the country inspecting various architectural monuments, thus supplementing his own considerable knowledge.

The result is this challenging book, the work of five years. Rich in material that is daringly interpreted, the volume attempts a coordinated history of the complex, wayward, yet interwoven development of our democracy with illustration of its expression in architecture and other arts. Under the demanding circumstance of justifying a formidable trust, the authors, understandably, seem consciously to be striving with the magnitude of their assignment. But, on the whole, the task is accomplished with an urbane scholarship that does not mistake pedantry for profundity.

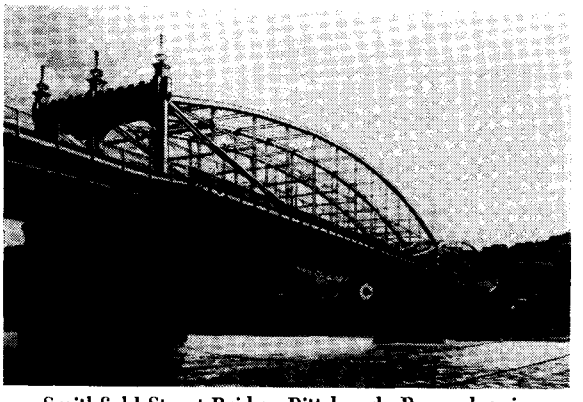
Although only forty pages long, the prologue, entitled "The Nature of Architecture," is replete with definition and exposition, providing an important chapter in the field of architectural theory. After examining basic qualities of building and its manifold influences, it closes in a barrage of questions concerning ultimates—values, conditions, and forms—which the authors certainly never hoped to answer. They are aware, however, that it is often more important to ask the right questions than it is to answer them.

> The great American architectural questions [they write] have never quite been answered. . . . They have arisen from fundamental conflicts in the American personality. They involve the struggle between the desire to be gay, hedonistic, expansive, even extravagant, and the restraints imposed by caution, frugality and the sense that in the worship of beauty there may be sin; between the instinct to wipe out the past and the nostalgia to preserve it; between the notion that cultivated taste does deserve to be heeded and the egalitarian idea that the people can judge as wisely in the arts as they are presumed to be able to do in politics; between a love for the machine and a fear of it; between the admiration for the expert and a distrust of him; between the sense that man must conquer nature and alter it to his will and the reverence that argues rather that man should accommodate himself to nature.

Before there were any questions there was the land. This land, seen by the discerning eyes of discovery, seen by the early voyagers and travelers who set out to cross its vastness, is described in the words of the first explorers who set down their impressions on paper. A continuing flow of voices urged how it should be used, what should be built upon it, and how what was built should look. What was built by the literate looked like what was said; what was said was mostly so much nonsense.

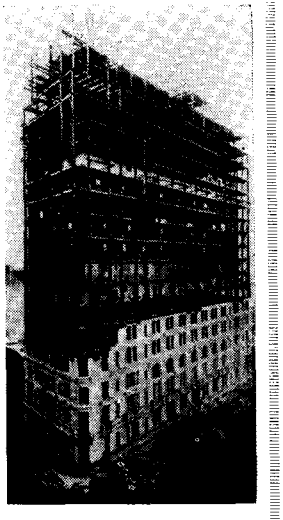
The varied answers that builders offered during the decades from 1860 to 1933 are reviewed: the practical and the esthetic, the mundane and the spiritual, the simple and the monumental, the staid and the adventuresome, the intimate and the impressive, the cheap and the permanent. A variform mess, served up by the most ignorant of carpenters and by muddled followers of John Ruskin, covered this land from Maine to California. By the time FDR took over, the wildest eclecticism had malformed city and village.

The stirring years since 1938 have not been better recollected since Fred-



Smithfield Street Bridge, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Grand Central Terminal, New York



Reproduced here from "American Building Art," by Carl Condit (Oxford, $12.50), are three examples of metropolitan architecture. Below is the Empire Building in lower New York in the process of construction.

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crick Lewis Allen looked back to yesterday. The Depression, the New Deal, the CCC, the AAA, and the TVA—the socio-economic background of these indelible combinations of capitals is written in succinct, clear paragraphs. And when the whole complex of that era is scrutinized—so close and yet so far, far away from those who have lived through the drama of World War II—the inevitable question is not avoided: "Is anyone capable of understanding the whole? Is anyone able to express it, if he does understand? Or is the totality beyond the capacity of man's grasp?"

Cool and analytical, the authors in their last chapter force candor to its limit, perhaps to the discomfort of many an AIA member. They continue at the end to raise the hard questions; however, they have the wit and wisdom to remember the limited ability of man and the unpredictable turns that he is often forced to make on his way up. The authors point to the false and the true summits; specifically, they indicate the precarious steeps on which so many struggle today, but they encourage their fellows to whip up their energies again and again, to assault new heights. And at the conclusion they ask, "Even when the goal is reached would it yet be the true summit?" Prudently, as befits men who can watch the world from the bank of the Charles River, they leave this answer for the reporters—who we trust may also be philosophical—as they record progress in the year 2007, when the AIA will meet for its 150th anniversary. Now who could be more optimistic?

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 932

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 932 will be found in the next issue.

'ANY PEICE WF AGO EZBO ID QOSYOTOSZERO NE Z LIIH RZXYO, ZEH IWYANEZRF NE Z WZH IEO.

KZXSOERO YAOSEO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 931

Publishing a volume of verse is like dropping a rose-petal down the Grand Canyon and waiting for the echo. —Don Marquis.

The Cornucopia Delusion

"Buy Now, Pay Later," by Hillel Black *(Morrow. 227 pp. $3.95), documents the impact on our society of the current consumer credit explosion. Formerly a marketing specialist for Madison Avenue advertising agencies, Harvey J. Bresler has written extensively on the sociological impact of business.*

By Harvey J. Bresler

ALTHOUGH there is ample literature on the economics of consumer credit (instalment buying to you and me), there has been comparatively little written about its sociological effects. That is in great measure the burden of this lively and provocative book, which takes us behind the scenes of how we are all living high "on-the-cuff." It is, furthermore, a perceptive critique of the ethical and psychological impact of this frenzy on our society. When Ibsen in "A Doll's House" said, almost a century ago, "There can be no freedom or beauty about a home life that depends on borrowing and debt," he spoke a verity for our time. Drawing heavily on testimony before United States Senate subcommittees, as well as on his own exhaustive research, the author has documented with reportorial skill the sordid story behind our latest and, in some respects, our most significant socio-economic revolution. He aptly calls it the consumer credit explosion.

More than 100 million Americans are currently on the consumer credit spree and the numbers are growing in almost cosmic progression. Fifty-six billions annually are owed on autos, appliances, home repairs, and the like through loans, charge accounts, credit cards, and a host of other gimmicks. A 550-per-cent increase in consumer credit in the past twenty years but nowhere near a corresponding increase in consumer disposable income (which provides the wherewithal to pay for this credit) can only lead to serious personal dislocations. It is not surprising to learn that in 1959 family bankruptcies jumped sharply to 89,000, an increase during the past decade of 300 per cent. Mr. Black tells us that according to the statisticians the average American family is only three months away from financial failure.

Because the profits from consumer credit are so high (department stores charge interest of 12 per cent, auto companies 18 per cent, many small loan companies as high as 36 per cent) the lush pickings have attracted smart entrepreneurs, whom the author calls "debt merchants." Using every trick of Madison Avenue (not to say Wall Street and the time-honored carnival sharper), they lure the unsuspecting into a never-never land of tensions, fear, and—too frequently—great tragedy.

The author is disturbed, as well he might be, by the moral implications of consumer credit in the hands of its current practitioners. This is principally because of the built-in feature of a deception on the public. Credit contracts have numerous hidden charges that few can understand (and, alas, even fewer try to decipher). But more alarming is the fact that this deception is justified as normal behavior by most of our highly respected business leaders. Finally, there is the harmful effect of an excess of "off-the-cuff" living on our sense of proportion and value; we are losing our will power to wait for the things that we want.

THERE is nothing inherently wrong in consumer credit: it is cardinal to our way of life and to an increase in our standard of living. What is wrong about it is that it operates in an atmosphere of deception and sharp practice. The author proposes concrete areas for remedial relief. Most important is the bill offered by Senator Paul Douglas (who has written the Foreword to this book), which would make it mandatory for all sellers of credit to inform the purchaser of the cost of the finance charges in dollars and cents and in terms of *simple* annual interest. Other remedies are laws prohibiting auto manufacturers from financing the sale of cars, strengthened state laws protecting the consumer, and consumer credit unions. To these worthy suggestions this observer would add the need for a wide-spread educational campaign to alert the consumer and warn the debt merchants. The slogan should not be today's *"caveat emptor,"* but, rather, "let the seller beware or an aroused public will revolt"—we hope.

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Crimes That Pay

"The Purveyor: The Shocking Story of Today's Illicit Liquor Empire," by John Starr *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 265 pp. $4.95), and* ***"A Two-Dollar Bet Means Murder," by Fred J. Cook*** *(Dial. 248 pp. $4.50), uncover this country's contemporary crime lords. Quentin Reynolds wrote "I, Willie Sutton."*

By Quentin Reynolds

THE CLICHE "crime does not pay" is not nearly so old as one might imagine (nor so accurate). Actually, it was the trademark of a popular radio show in the 1930s called "The Shadow," and there is no evidence (that I can find) that the phrase was ever used before that. In any case, unlike most clichés, it is completely without validity. If one is to believe John Starr's "The Purveyor" or Fred J. Cook's "A Two-Dollar Bet Means Murder," crime today is paying off better than ever. The entrepreneurs of crime in 1961 make the Chicago and New York mobsters of the Twenties look like amateurs. These two fascinating, well-documented books of how an illegal (and tax-free) dollar can be made are shocking indictments not only of our municipal police forces but of a society that both tolerates and cooperates with contemporary crime lords. Let's discuss John Starr's book first.

If "The Purveyor" were a work of fiction it would be a wildly exciting if improbable story. But the characters who strut through these 265 pages are as real as the names in the newspaper headlines. It is the story of how today's multimillion-dollar illicit liquor business is operated by the underworld under the leadership of such characters as "Angelo Pavane," the cover-name for the book's protagonist.

It works out quite simply. A gallon of legitimately produced whiskey costs you or me about $25 to buy. The federal tax on this gallon is $10.50. Now if one has only a rudimentary knowledge of chemistry he can concoct a reasonable (and quite safe) facsimile of this whiskey, and it will only cost him pennies instead of dollars. This includes brand new labels, authentic-looking federal stamps and, of course, bottles. It can be sold at what amounts to a 400-per-cent mark-up. Today more than seventy-five million gallons of illegal spirits are produced each year to satisfy the American thirst. This costs the government as much as $1,500,000,000 annually in lost tax revenue. And if by some unlikely contingency the bootlegger is caught, he will spend on the average less than a year in jail, with his loot to keep him warm.

"The Purveyor" is told in the first person by a very successful practitioner of the art of illicit distilling with whom author John Starr became friendly five years ago. Over the years he confided bits and pieces of his story to Starr and finally allowed Starr to write his unexpurgated history. His only condition was that Starr give him a fictitious name. And so it is "Angelo Pavane" who tells this firmly authenticated story. Angelo blows a lot of whistles in his exciting tale of the underworld and if he were to leave this vale of tears because of an overdose of lead poisoning, I for one would not be surprised.

Angelo Pavane began his industrial career at the age of twelve, when he delivered matchboxes filled with heroin to customers of his uncle (a wholesaler). He made reform school at sixteen, but by the time he was nineteen he was working hard at the bootlegging trade in New Jersey.

> It was a big rough business [Angelo writes] and in the next six or seven years I learned everything there was to know about it. I drove an alky run, I ran a speedboat; I was a payoff man, a contact man, and a dispatcher. I learned how to build from scratch a still that could turn out 190-proof alky as good as any in the world. I learned how to keep that still supplied and working twenty-four hours a day. I learned how to cover a still so with any luck it couldn't be found in years. If the luck ran out and the agents smelled it, I learned how to take care of that too—in the same way it's been done for a thousand years.

He was rich at twenty-five, but, because he crossed a psychopathic killer named Dutch Schultz, a year later he was an unemployed bum who had narrowly escaped being part of a funeral pyre that Mr. Schultz had arranged for him. During the next few years he did the best he could, working on the fringe of every racket that could contribute a dishonest dollar to him. Then he turned legitimate—a condition that embarrassed him slightly. He opened a good restaurant in New York (which he still owns), but then some old associates came to him with the idea of helping to organize a nationwide syndicate to distill illegal spirits. He worked under the late Louis (Lepke) Buchalter and the equally late Albert Anastasia and several other characters who in one way or another suddenly became dead. But Angelo had his nice respectable front of a good restaurant, good police connections, and, except for domestic troubles, he managed to survive the storm aroused by the Kefauver Committee, and the

"This silence isn't like you, dear."

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more lethal opposition engendered by the gang wars that were touched off by the famous Appalachin meeting. All in all, it's a tale to raise your hair, and it provides answers to some questions that have been puzzling newspaper readers for years.

Fred Cook, author of six books and free-lance magazine writer (he has won three Page One awards from the Newspaper Guild of New York), is an old and respected hand at the business of writing about larceny. His story of national crime is factual but at the same time it is as exciting as a first-rate crime novel. Had the Kefauver Committee ever done the awesome amount of research Fred Cook did in compiling material for "A Two-Dollar Bet Means Murder," that well-meant investigation might have been more productive.

His thesis is that if you place a two-dollar bet with the corner bookmaker it starts a chain reaction that leads to corruption of the police, to a breakdown of law and order, to narcotic activities, and—when the occasional honest citizen protests—to murder.

There is a great deal in this book that I learned for the first time (so will you). Most of us think of New York and Chicago as the centers of illegal capers (gambling, numbers racket, prostitution, narcotics, etc.), but although these two cities contribute greatly to the illegal profits made, they are not the only gross offenders.

Consider a charming university city like Ithaca, New York. Fred Cook strips the charm from it. Until recently (perhaps even now) there were fifty professional gamblers plying their trade in this relatively small community (permanent population, 29,000), and there was a Saturday night dice game in the Sons of Italy Lodge, where $500 bets were routine. The police "investigated" after protests but only eight gamblers were apprehended and they merely had their hands gently slapped.

The New York State Crime Commission cast its eyes on Buffalo and was understandably startled at what it saw. It saw that gambling, bookmaking, prostitution, and the numbers racket were grossing in the neighborhood of about $107 million a year.

These are just a couple of samples Fred Cook gives us. He presents the low-down on New York, Chicago, Las Vegas, and half a dozen other cities and invariably proves that big-time crime could not be a success without the connivance of local police and the acquiescence of otherwise reputable citizens. This is a frightening book; it should be read by everyone, including the Pulitzer Prize Committee. Fred Cook deserves their consideration.

Stereotypical Eccentric

"Confessions of a Conformist," by Morris Freedman *(Norton. 224 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Importance of Being Imperfect," by John Robert Clarke*** *(McKay. 216 pp. $3.50), deal with different aspects of the American people's public and personal ways of regarding themselves and their neighbors. Sydney J. Harris is a syndicated newspaper columnist for General Features.*

By Sydney J. Harris

WHAT these two books have in common is, chiefly, a severe case of literary edema, that disease so pandemic in the book publishing business. Both are essentially brief essays that have been swollen (mostly with water) wholly out of proportion to the importance of the subject and to the capacities of the authors.

Morris Freedman's "Confessions of a Conformist" was born some two years ago, as an article in *The American Scholar* on "The Dangers of Nonconformism." I read it at the time, and thought it made a valid and interesting if trivial point, namely: that nonconformism for its own sake eventually becomes as stupid and restrictive as unthinking conformity.

This minor strain has been expanded into a symphonic suite of 224 repetitious, ill-thought, and exasperating pages. Not content with pointing out that the avant-garde can be as silly and stereotyped as the Philistines they despise, Freedman has undertaken a defense of popular culture that embraces television, advertising, Detroit cars, Hollywood movies, soap operas, disk jockeys, Broadway musicals, baseball, football, and such mass-circulation magazines as *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Freedman, of course, is not a "conformist," in the conventional sense of the word; he is actually an anti-anti-conformist, who seems to have been pushed into an absurd position by the exaggerations of some of the intelligentsia.

Except for the first and last chapters, which bear reading, the bulk of the book consists of intemperate (and poorly written) attacks upon an intellectual straw man who never existed on land or sea. Freedman's antagonist is a caricature, embodying all the most distasteful features of the third-rate avant-gardist and none of his virtues.

He seems to have a curious conception of what constitutes an "intellectual." Most of the men and women I know who belong in that category enjoy jazz, attend Hollywood movies, go to baseball games, are more likely to drive Fords than Fiats, and appreciate the occasional amusing or pungent ad. (Some time ago in fact, I spent an evening with Karl Shapiro and Delmore Schwartz, two highly nonconformist poets, who expressed at length their admiration for baseball and for Marilyn Monroe.)

It is only the fakes, the untalented, the hangers-on who feel they must adopt every symbol of nonconformity. This can be said in a paragraph; we scarcely need a whole book to demolish such pathetic creatures. Nor should it be necessary to take such immoderate pride in accepting popular culture that the railroads' advertising slogan "A Hog Can Cross the Country Without Changing Trains—But YOU Can't!" is lauded as possessing "the vigor of classical polemic," and suggesting that Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress" is seductively on a par with "the blandishments of a perfume ad or a brassiere ad."

A careful reading of the book, if you have the patience, reveals that Freedman is neither for conformity nor nonconformity, but for independence of choice on a rational basis. Thus the title is a fraud, and the author is simply stating the position of every civilized and educated man, who respects both tradition and innovation; although most of us, perhaps, do not expect to have our cultural cake and eat it at the same time, which is Freedman's delusive aim.

In "The Importance of Being Imperfect," John Robert Clarke also inflates a simple and relatively unimportant aspect of American life into a 216-page farrago of indignation, expostulation, inspiration, a little sense, and a great deal of pretentious nonsense.

Clarke's target is the "perfectionist personality," which he sees all around him—the people he calls "picture straighteners on the wall of life." That phrase will give you some idea of the style and tone of the book, which is

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Navigating to Nowhere

"The Ship," by Hans Henny Jahnn, *translated by Catherine Hutter (Scribners. 210 pp. $3.95), tells in a grammatically dismantled "new language" about the expressionistic journey of a mysterious three-master. Richard Plant, who teaches German literature at the City College of New York, specializes in modern German writing.*

By Richard Plant

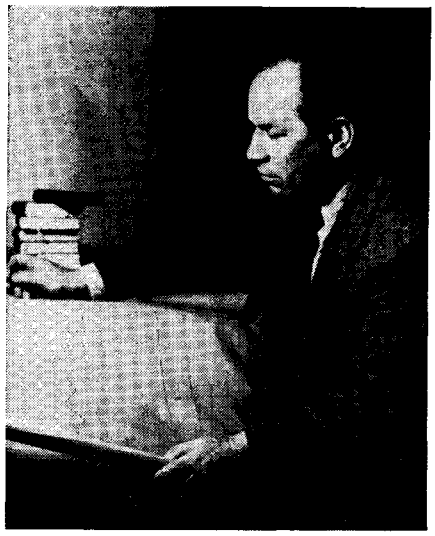
HANS HENNY JAHNN, organ builder and expressionist writer, was born in 1894 and died in 1959. To the public at large in Germany he remained just a name. Only a small group of disciples kept writing about him, reminding the world that here was a forgotten genius – eccentric, perhaps even incomprehensible, but still a genius. It speaks for the courage of the German theatre that it performed a few of Jahnn's plays, although each play created a scandal. Jahnn has been called "The Prophet of Lechery," and in some cases, as for instance in his early drama "Physician, Wife and Son," the erotic entanglements of the characters were too complex to unravel.

Neither failure nor scandal kept Jahnn from going on. He wrote a "Coronation of Richard the Third" that failed, and a "Medea" that impressed even the sophisticated audiences of the Twenties as more sadistic than the other versions of this innately bloodthirsty myth. Jahnn stopped writing when the Nazis seized power, fled to Denmark, started breeding horses, and created news again in 1948 when his play "Poverty, Wealth, Man and Animal" saw a public performance. This time he told of a Norwegian farmer who not only loves two women, but is filled with a deep-seated, mystic affection for his horse. The same obsession with horses, by the way, could be observed in Jahnn's formless, gigantic, supra-expressionist novel "Perrudja," written in 1929 and still a riddle to most students of German literature.

Jahnn, if anyone in the large field of German experimental writers, is the outsider's outsider, the true literary astronaut. Like many expressionists of the Twenties, he is preoccupied with "the new man" and a "new language." In all of Jahnn's work we encounter large, general ideas and concepts. He is forever treating his themes of Life and Death, Wealth, Poverty, and Love. These ideas are embodied in abstractions. Jahnn cannot and does not wish to create human beings. He strives to create ciphers and symbols. He tries to go deeper than Freud; he wants to give us a work that is a metaphor of existence. Life is cruel, incomprehensible, impenetrable, doomed to die. Only those who create and those who truly love can overcome the senselessness of existence. Violence is everywhere. Perversion may be a futile way out for people who feel trapped, but it is a sort of protest. These are a few basic concepts which Jahnn has tried to embody in his writings; some scholars believe that through them he has *really done pioneer work* and broken the fourth dimension of literature.

However the dangers and pitfalls inherent in all expressionist writing seem—at least to this observer—to have overwhelmed Jahnn most of the time. He has gone beyond that which has been tried by even the most advanced Anglo-Saxon writers. For instance, in Joyce's section "Nighttown" the visual, the irrational, the dreamlike elements have assumed a larger importance than in the rest of the volume. But we are at least conscious that we are witnessing the hallucinations of two characters to whom we have been introduced. As Walter Sokel points out in his excellent study of expressionism, Kafka has gone another step towards abolishing realism. His "Metamorphosis" reveals not only Gregor Samsa's hidden wishes, dreams, and guilt feelings, but the transformation into a bug provides a metaphor that can embody disintegration without disintegrating as a narrative. This time we don't know where any reality begins or where it ends. But we can accept Gregor the bug. We understand him, and the story flows on, relentlessly driven by the marvelously tortuous Kafkan logic.

However, Jahnn's novels, both the early "Perrudja" and the late (1937) "The Ship," must be termed attempts to shoot into outer space. The language itself is under attack, like a metal corroded by a powerful acid. The author himself once complained that music took its build-up from poetry, and that the novelist is entitled to take back what music took away. Yet the technique of leitmotifs, fugues, strophes, chords, rhythmical phrases recurring again and again, lead all too quickly to anarchy. And Jahnn has not escaped this danger. He ignores the narrative, delves into the subconscious of a character, then leaves him, goes to a childhood memory of a subsidiary character —who plays a small part in the book— and then embarks on a discussion of one of his favorite themes, the putrefaction of corpses.



—Anny Brier.

Hans Henny Jahnn—"strives to create ciphers and symbols."

It is not possible to offer a summary of "The Ship." Only a few things can be stated with certainty. In the hold of the three-master are hidden heavy crates. No one aboard knows what they contain. Later on it appears as if they were holding the mummified corpses of young girls, but when a crate is broken open there is nothing in it. Ellena, the captain's daughter, disappears without a trace; invisible powers are at work everywhere; the ship's destination is never given, though she was built originally for the exploration of magnetic phenomena. Gustave, the fiancé of Ellena, travels along as a stowaway, and the larger part of the book is dedicated to his search for Ellena. The ship, by the way, opens into nowhere at a few spots, and in chapter eight we discover a metal shaft that no one has ever seen before. At the end the ship sinks. But this is not really the end: Jahnn has written a sequel in several volumes which traces the travels of a few of the characters through many countries.

By creating his own laws of narration Jahnn has forfeited most of his chances to carry the reader along. He admits that, while writing, he does not yet know what will happen next;

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but his preoccupation with enormous abstractions, and his efforts to dismantle the skeleton of language, its grammar, plunge his effort into chaos. Some interpreters have found theological profundities in his *oeuvre*. The existentialists will claim this trip to nowhere an allegory of our destiny and will probably interpret the presence (or nonpresence) of marbelized corpses as a symbolic reminder that the dead are more embedded in our reality than we imagine. But to this reviewer Jahnn's book has the same relation to literature that the so-called "prepared music" has to Mozart. The road of his "surrealist expressionism" leads nowhere.

During the Baroque Era, a period for which Jahnn shows great affection, writers started to print poems in the form they described. For instance, a poem to an apple was printed in the shape of an apple. Later on, the mainstream of writing abandoned this experiment. One day, I am convinced, Jahnn's experiments will be considered to be very similar to those of the Baroque apple poets.

The wonder is how Catherine Hutter managed to render Jahnn's painfully complex German into English. She certainly should get a prize for it.

NO SIMPLE MATTER: Julian Mayfield's pioneer among novels dealing with the school-segregation crisis, **"The Grand Parade"** (Vanguard, $4.95), is a complex and sometimes hectically dramatic treatment of the subject. It begins as the story of a reform mayor in the predicament of having to expose the corruption of old friends and associates who have made his career possible, but during the course of the book these and other community dilemmas become a part of the segregation troubles.

Mr. Mayfield sets his scene in an Eastern city quite different in most respects from the New York of his earlier novels, "The Hit" and "Long Night." Nominally in the North, the Gainesboro of the present story is sufficiently far down on the map to be boiling with Southern problems. The picture of the Negro section of the community is a full and varied one, built around Randolph Banks, the first non-white city councilman. Randy, in political difficulties because of a brother who has been a Communist, is himself entangled with a Negro girl racketeer. By and large, the picture isn't a flattering one, for the author, who certainly doesn't believe in the perfectibility of man, is skilful at showing how good intentions of both Negroes and whites often go awry. In doing so he underscores one of his principal themes: integration is no simple matter, it involves everyone.

Randy Banks's opposite number is Douglas Taylor, that liberal young mayor who also happens to be a millionaire. It is a weakness of focus in the plot that Taylor, after being featured so impressively at the start, pretty well fades out until the end of the story. Ambitious to become a Democratic Senator in a staunchly Republican state, Taylor is partly the victim of circumstances and partly of the flabbiness that Mr. Mayfield seems to think characterizes liberals: an inability to act after reflection, or to take sides except on impulse. Placing the story in a national election year (not 1960) gives the author several chances to show both major Presidential candidates, although theoretically against segregation, climbing aboard comfortable fences and uttering safe pieties whenever the racial situation in Gainesboro begins to look ugly.

Mr. Mayfield has concentrated into his imaginary city events that have occurred in Montgomery, Little Rock, New Orleans, and elsewhere. If the climax of the story is melodramatic, such events have that potential. As timely as tomorrow's paper or television report, "The Grand Parade" is, for the most part, a lively and absorbing narrative, with a believable set of characters, and it displays an awareness of the tormenting complications of modern American society.

—Harry T. Moore.

PETTY HORIZONS: In **"The Dignity of Night: Seven Stories"** (Lippincott, hardbound, $3.50; paperback, $1.65) Klaus Roehler, whose formative years were spent in Nazi Germany, explores the mentality of the past and present generation in his country. He points an accusing finger at both; hypocrisy and complacency are the attitudes common to them in his eyes.

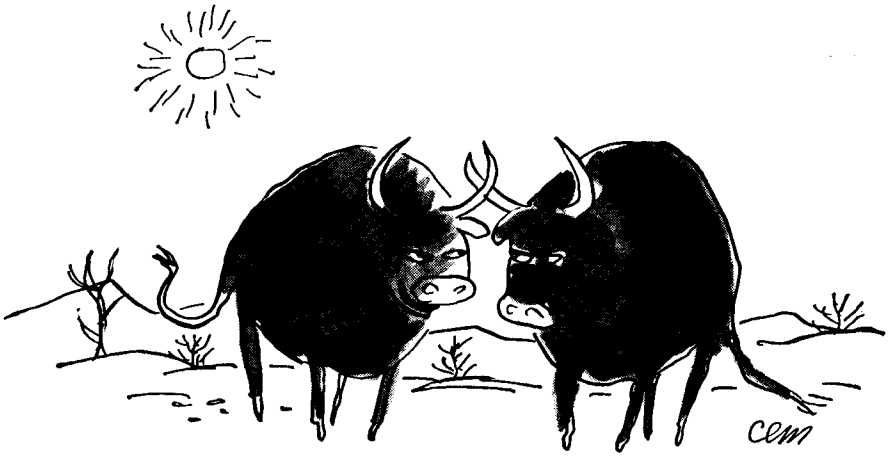
While individual morality (or absence of it) is the leitmotif, only the title story expresses it by using a topic that transcends minor events. Here we meet with hypocrisy and the tendency to bend with the wind when the friendship between a German girl student and a colored boy in a German university causes a great stir.

Susy, the girl who has befriended the Negro student, considers herself a champion of the ideals of equality that she hears expounded at school, wears her conviction like a new frock. Walking down the street with Nicholas, "she felt the same pride of possession a mink-draped lady feels in the exotic animal she has at the end of a leash." But in the end Susy's principles are not strong enough to withstand social pressure.

The only other story notable for its skilful irony is "My Pigeon," which reveals unexpected barbarism in an apparently placid, middle-class matron and her nephew. When word gets around that Karolonie Mueller is about to slaughter the pigeons that have nested in her house, the mouths of her relatives start to water. But Aunt Karolonie prefers not to share the delicacy, and in total secrecy, with elaborate preparations, she and young Philip set about the butchery. The blood-lust so kindled in the course of this event is described with a grisly sarcasm.

The remaining stories in this volume are not of the same caliber. In "Eighteenth Birthday" and "New Year's Eve Every Day" Roehler discusses the emotional instability and rebellion of the young generation against the pompous respectability of their elders. He points up the basic change since the war in middle-class attitudes in Germany, where rigid family life had once been the root of social strength. Unfortunately, Roehler's concentration on effect rather than cause waters down his thesis.

The book's major fault is that it



"Do you know who I'd like to be alone with for just two minutes? Hemingway."

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suffers from the very limitations it attacks. The author's indignation is directed against the self-righteous, self-centered burgher who cannot see beyond his own petty horizon. But with the exception of "My Pigeon," where he exposes inner life, he restricts himself to trivia, creating mere tintypes.

—Elizabeth Cade.

FRENCH-CANADIAN HOLOCAUST: Robert Goulet depicts in his first novel, **"The Violent Season"** (Braziller, $4.50), a way of life that makes the provincialism in Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" appear almost idyllic by comparison. The novel, which is a savage denunciation of human wrongheadedness, hypocrisy, and capacity for evil, concerns a few terrible days and nights in the life of the French-Canadian town of La Buche, a small community in the wilds of the Quebec Timberland. The time is April 1950; a brothel has been opened just before the men of La Buche are to return home after months in the logging camps of the Timberland. The outraged, sex-starved women of the town, spurred on almost as much by the struggle for power between the religious leaders of the parish as by their own disturbed passions, embark upon a campaign of violence and hate, a *charivari*, which results in a holocaust unparalleled in serious contemporary fiction.

The climax of the novel approaches the satanic. All but two or three of the major characters meet grotesque and violent deaths; the stench of burnt flesh hangs heavily in the April air; after the almost ritualistic orgies, the once-quiet streets of La Buche are littered with more corpses than the stage in a Senecan tragedy. This accumulation of horrors tends to defeat its own purpose; the French-Canadian author's pitiless dissection of human weakness, the occasional clumsiness of his narrative method, and his tendency towards caricature creates a final impression rather more surrealistic than naturalistic, more romantic than realistic.

"The Violent Season" is a shocking and sickening novel. Such elements as M. Goulet's characterization of the sly Jesuit Father Boulanger, the naked brutality of his man-woman scenes, and his bitter portrayals of the maddened inhabitants of La Buche are the stuff out of which controversy is made. Nowhere, though, does the author pander to a debased audience's demand for sex, violence, and sensationalism for their own sakes. On the contrary, he seems as sincere a moralist as Swift, as committed a satirist as Orwell. Apparently, as a critic has recently commented, only M. Goulet's "obsessive hatred" for the small-town atmosphere in which he was

raised could result in this "terrible blast." And what a blast "The Violent Season" is! It is, to use Hawthorne's phrase, a truly "hell-fired" book.

—William Peden.

BLOODY EVENTS: Rohan O'Grady, the author of **"O'Houlihan's Jest"** (Macmillan, $3.95), a first novel, is, the dustjacket tells us, "an enthusiastic Irish patriot in Spirit" who lives in Canada. Her novel is about the "implacable conflict between Irish and English in the years after Cromwell's invasion (probably eighteenth century) as symbolized by the conflict between O'Houlihan, "he with the strength of three men," and The Man, small, cold, efficient, and the leader of the oppressing English forces. Most of the novel is concerned with the bloody events that occur between O'Houlihan's wake, which The Man has promised to attend (and does), and his unusual, to put it mildly, resurrection.

To anyone who has appreciated the forcefully quiet realism of Maria Edgeworth, the plausible violence of Dashiell Hammett, the accurate reproduction of Irish psychology and speech by Frank O'Connor or Sean O'Faolain, the British and the Irish as they are and appear to have been in reliable fiction and history, the "lusty action" and "exuberant characters" of "O'Houlihan's Jest" are a travesty. Occasional intrusions of good writing, usually about common folk doing ordinary things, make me believe Miss O'Grady may have talent if she learns how to use it. She does not do so here. I can recommend her novel only to those who admire the arty, the improbable, and the violent presented with the utmost gentility.

—Harvey Curtis Webster.

TENNESSEE, 1897: In **"The White Unicorn"** (Globus, $5.95) Margaret Gray Blanton contemplates heroine Maidie from the age of nine, when her mother dies with a stillborn child, to sixteen and first love. Maidie is surrounded by a frieze of subsidiary characters, conveniently coupled off ("Love again!" said Maidie, "Love everywhere.")—a diffusion of interest that might have proved fatal in the hands of a less skilful writer. But Miss Blanton, author of "Bernadette," leads the eye back to Maidie however complicated the design becomes.

The story, set in Tennessee, begins in 1897. A honey-talking horselady, Miss Courtney Lowery, has captivated Maidie's father, "Dr. Jeb"—the only one fooled by this seductress, whose spirited horse had caused his wife's recent death. Maidie and her older brother and sister, together with the blacks in the kitchen, know that father should marry Miss Annie Bovais, who is "mighty nice."

No one at home has much time for Maidie that summer, so she takes to hanging around the local fair, where she makes two extraordinary discoveries, an alabaster unicorn in the art exhibit and an itinerant bawdy house on the midway. The unicorn obsesses her; it is deeply attractive but in her dreams is associated with "the monkey-faced little white thing that had lain against her dead mother's breast. . . ." She is unreservedly charmed by the fascinating ladies of the "Top Hat," who return her affection in a storm of repressed maternalism. This innocent-corrupt comedy dissolves into melodrama when Maidie just escapes being raped and is mercifully evicted from the "whorehouse of hell" amid shivers of broken glass and offstage suicides. The procurer-rapist and his girls decamp just ahead of the police, but not before placing in Maidie's delighted arms the newborn infant of one Williebelle. Forthwith Maidie presents the baby to her family and routs Miss Countney in the book's funniest scene.

In Book Two, Miss Annie has become Maidie's stepmother, and love interest shifts to a swarm of minor characters before coming to focus on the rapidly developing heroine. Something is lost hereof the almost existential quality of Book One. In short, "The White Unicorn" is a curiously uneven book: it unites a woman's magazine plot with rather murky symbolism. Nevertheless it is a frequently successful effort to express a large and difficult theme, the great archetypes of love and death striking through a portrait of troubled puberty and adolescence. —Frances O'Brien.

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One Planet Indivisible

"H. G. Wells and the World State," by W. Warren Wagar *(Yale. 276 pp. $6), and* ***"Einstein on Peace," edited by Otto Nathan and Heinz Norden*** *(Simon & Schuster. 647 pp. $8.50), examine the conclusions on international order reached by two intellectual giants—the first book through an analysis of the prescient English writer, the second by allowing the nuclear physicist's letters and articles to speak for themselves. Arthur Henderson is vice president of the British Parliamentary Group for World Government. He is also chairman of the United Nations Group in the British Parliament.*

By Arthur Henderson

WARREN WAGAR has written a brilliant, scholarly, and incisive analysis of one of the great writers and thinkers of the past century. It is, however, difficult for the present writer—who belongs to the generation that was familiar with and influenced by the writings of H. G. Wells—to accept Mr. Wagar's view that he ". . . has shrunk to the dimensions of a minor novelist." Certainly, on merit, Wells does not deserve to be described as a "minor novelist," even though present and future generations may read him with less favor and understanding than his own did.

"The World of William Clissold," to mention one work, surely justifies its inclusion among the world classics. The prescience of Wells was almost uncanny, even though his powers of imagination carried him into flights of fantasy—or so it appeared to those who read his "War in the Air" (1908). Yet how accurately he foretold the advent of heavy bombing by military aircraft, in the light of subsequent events.

As the author points out, Wells was nearly all his life a prophet of world order. He suggested one project after another for achieving, directly or indirectly, a world state. Mr. Wagar frankly acknowledges that Wells took full advantage of his license as a prophet to exaggerate one dilemma after another. He writes that ". . . no thinker as impatient as Wells could have settled on one single consistent set of explanations for the twentieth century world crisis." Yet Wells did have a formula for world reorganization, which is admirably expressed by the author: "Man could achieve salvation only by planning and building an organically integrated and functionally articulated world society."

One of the most characteristic features of Wells's writings, to which Mr. Wagar aptly draws attention, was his insistence, especially in his later years, that the achievement of a planned world order depended upon a massive educational effort. If the world was to be saved a new educational movement had to be launched. Wells wrote, "I do not believe that a world order can come into existence without a preliminary mental cosmopolis." There may be much to justify this view, but, as Mr. Wagar points out, Wells could make "education" mean almost anything.

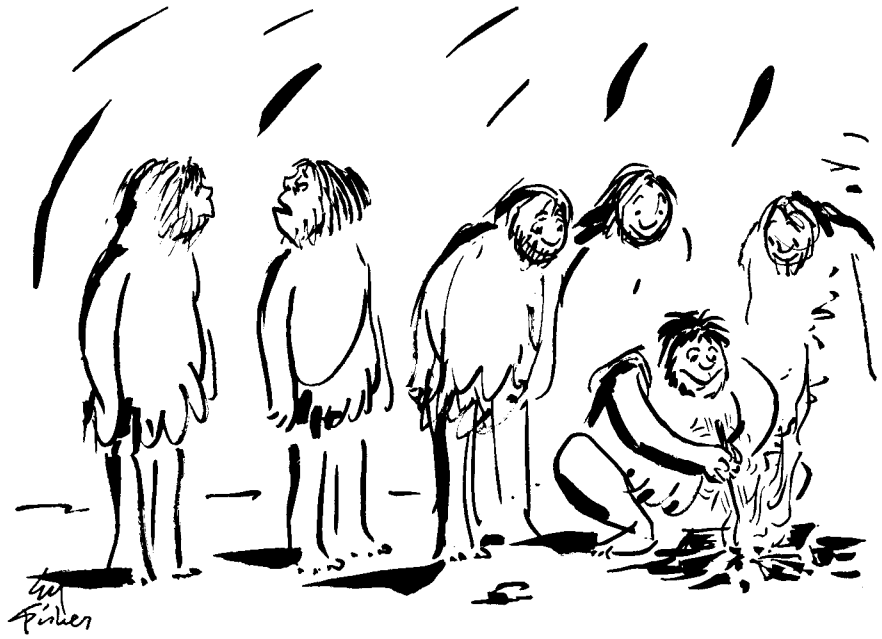
It is also difficult to agree with Wells when he maintained that the human race would never live together in creative harmony until it learned to think as one. Such a view seems too remote from the hard facts of human existence and experience. The world cannot afford to wait until the human race thinks as one.

Nor did Wells's theory of world revolution, as expressed in his "Open Conspiracy," carry much conviction, based as it was on the leadership of the "functional élite." But it did express ideas that point towards world government and a future world state. However, it is not unjust to Wells to emphasize, as the author does, that his ultimate society ". . . was always a functional, articulated, classless society, without a government, either of men or of laws, knowing no sovereignty but that of scientific knowledge and the collective will." A not very attractive Utopia!

Wells may have failed in his mission (Mr. Wagar suggests that he did) though perhaps we are too close to him to form a final judgment. But undoubtedly his writings and his ideas influenced millions of his contemporaries, and some seeds he sowed in his time are germinating in ours. Time and experience are modifying their development, and the result may be somewhat different from what Wells had in mind.

Nonetheless, it is my view that Wells greatly influenced and actively stimulated thought on basic principles for dealing with the world crisis that has so bedeviled the present century and continues to do so. I do not think it can be denied that, whatever his faults, he was a man of vision, and I wholly agree with the author when he says that Wells "in his prescription of an

(*Continued on page 40*)



"I had the same idea, once, but I just didn't stick to it long enough."

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Channel to the Future

EVERY student of history knows that the most stirring and momentous events have a way of taking place without benefit of torchlight parades, or road signs pointing to the scene of the excitement. The Wright brothers' first flights at Kitty Hawk, the departure of Columbus's tiny fleet from Palos, and the trial runs of Daimler's automobile are among the historic events that were greeted by profound silence in contemporary journals.

This human propensity for ignoring great events so bemused Brueghel that he painted a notable canvas in whose foreground a peasant stolidly plows his field, while in the background Icarus ends his legendary flight by plunging into the Aegean, unnoticed by the workaday world. It would be a pity indeed if one of the potentially crucial events of this decade, the forthcoming cross-Channel power exchange between France and England, went similarly unremarked.

At first glance, the cross-Channel project offers little to dazzle the eye. It consists simply in the integration of power-generating networks serving the coastal regions of the two great nations. Neither region can meet its own power needs during the peak hours when demand is heavy, but since the peak hours of the two countries do not coincide, an interchange of electricity will be possible via two fifteen-mile cables lying on the Channel floor.

The cables will be laid in September, and power on the order of 160 megawatts will begin to course between the nations early next year. What happens then should prove a notable exercise in social and economic cooperation. Freed from power limitations, the two regions are expected to raise present productive levels and to enter on a new era of expansion.

The implications of this project obviously far transcend the situation that gave rise to it. For one thing, the arrangement binds England and France together in an interdependent relationship that will become even more symbiotic as expansion proceeds. The political relationship of the two countries is also bound to change, since any future war between them might well prove so costly as to be economically impracticable.

INEVITABLY, the new working relationship between France and England suggests hopeful directions in the quest for world harmony. Hitherto, we have had no effective nonlegal means by which nations earnestly desiring peace could structure a world order interdicting war. The problem has been that any peace treaty based on a balance of power can be only too easily abrogated if one of the signatories scores a technological breakthrough and decides to go on a rampage.

The French-English interchange, however, shows us how we can engineer peace by deliberately building into the world order symbiotic relationships designed to temper the aggressive passions. For example, if the United States and the Soviet Union should at some future date have strong reasons for testing the worth of such a program, they could build astride the Bering Strait a "symbiotically structured" nuclear-power complex on the French-English model. This experimental "hostage to fortune" would be a strong force for peace, and would serve the by no means incidental function of transforming undeveloped areas of Siberia and Alaska into viable social entities.

It seems likely that this sort of symbiotic planning will eventually become a new social science. The aim of this discipline will be to trace potentially beneficial relationships between nations, against the day when the peoples of the world, exhausted by the arms race and by economic warfare, are casting about for a way to ensure a stable peace.

The teams of economic geographers, anthropologists, and other social scientists assigned to the new field should find it easy enough to uncover pre-existing tendencies toward social and economic cooperation. It is, in fact, no secret that the national unit, once the agency of economic growth, is becoming a positive impediment to that tendency toward flowing-across-borders which is inherent in the logic of science and modern industry. The real problem of the research pioneers will therefore be how to dance the tightrope between engineering strong international linkages and offending national sensibilities.

The force impelling nations to adopt a measure of interdependence will be their strong, if grudging, desire for an indefinite respite from Cold War competitions, as well as their equally strong appetite for advantageous business arrangements. The postwar success of international customs unions, notably Benelux, indicates that the idea of structured interdependence is not entirely new or repugnant to the nations.

In time, much of America's foreign aid may be directed toward underwriting peace insurance in the form of planned linkages between nations. Ideally, these relationships would be so binding and integral that a war between the participants could be as improbable —and unprofitable—as a war between Wyoming and Nebraska, or between Belgium and Luxembourg. The transition to some form of world law would be a natural next step.

When the British collier *Dame Caroline Haslett* puts to sea this September, and begins to pay out the cables connecting France and England, it will be interesting to see whether the press treats the story as a minor newsbreak, or as a watershed event in the history of human cooperation.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE CUBA INCIDENT

My heartfelt thanks to Arthur Larson for his guest editorial pointing out that the Cuban invasion was illegal [*SR*, May 13], and to *SR* for publishing what he wrote. I go further: the invasion was immoral. The professed Christians who sanctioned it should do some earnest soul-searching.

Paul M. Angle.

Chicago, Ill.

Your guest editorial by Arthur Larson, "The Cuba Incident and the Rule of Law," leaves this reader in a state of bewilderment. Is it an attempt to accuse highly placed persons in or out of the government of the United States of criminal actions or conspiracy? If so, why not some direct and pertinent reference to such acts or conspiracies and the names of the persons involved? While Mr. Larson's reference to Wallace Carroll's article in the New York *Times* may or may not have contained specific statements pertaining to the part played by United States officials, or some of "the inhabitants" of the United States, not many of us have access to the *Times* and are not therefore conversant with "the many elements that were discussed and weighed" therein.

The question arising in the mind of this reader is: Was anyone, official or "inhabitant of [our] territory," guilty of any violation of the Treaty of Havana or other documents mentioned . . .?

Frederick Noad.

Hoodsport, Wash.

The guest editorial by Arthur Larson is of unsurpassed excellence from beginning to end. Mr. Larson is thoughful, precise, comprehensive, and correct—down to the last comma. *SR* is to be highly commended for bringing this superb example of clear thinking before the public. . . .

Charles L. Mack.

Lexington, Mass.

POINT OF VIEW

In the article "Mail-Order Creativity," by Granville Hicks [*SR*, Apr. 29], the author begins his article with the statement: "Several weeks ago I was dismayed by an advertisement in the *New York Times Book Review*. . . ." It is surprising that he was not afflicted with a similar trauma when the same advertisement of the Famous Writers School appeared in two issues of *Saturday Review*—prior to its appearance in the *Times Book Review*.

Mr. Hicks is entitled to his views about correspondence teaching—and I respect them. He has, however, chosen to belittle this particular correspondence school. I must therefore put the record straight.

We are in complete agreement on the values of resident teaching, student associations, and face-to-face discussions with good teachers. And we endorse the values inherent in writing conferences. But there

are countless thousands of people who, due to geography or busy schedules, cannot attend good schools or conferences, and these are the people whom we serve (as Mr. Hicks sarcastically notes) "in their own homes and in their spare time." How else, I must ask? I submit that because of good correspondence schools, a great many people have access to many forms of education which might otherwise be denied them.

The author devotes his essay chiefly to our teaching of creative writing. Had he thoroughly read our brochure, he would know we don't claim to teach *creative* writing—but that we do offer to teach the craft of writing, as well as the mechanics of various kinds of writing. These *can* be taught to most people who have reasonable intelligence. We hope that in the process of teaching a craft, we may from time to time uncover people with real talent who, because of us, become good creative writers. On the other hand, students with moderate aptitudes, who also possess a degree of self-discipline and dedication, can at least become better craftsmen.

While there is some validity, no matter how small, in judging writing talent, there's no way of measuring the dedication, drive, and purpose in people. And I must point out that there are a great many people with these characteristics who are functioning as able writers everywhere. This is what we stress in our brochure—as well as offering the student the possibility of real recognition. Is there anything wrong in suggesting hope and a goal?

Mr. Hicks does give some small credit to correspondence teaching—but I must correct a few errors in his report on the Famous Writers School. He states that "to begin with, what many students need and don't get in most courses in creative writing is a grounding in the fundamentals. They need to be taught the laws of grammar, etc." It is quite possible that he did not see Volumes I and II of our four-volume Fiction Writing Course. These two volumes are devoted entirely to the principles of good writing, in which the areas he mentions are thoroughly examined and discussed.

Mr. Hicks also refers to our Talent Test. He states: "It would, I suppose, weed out absolute illiterates, but the concept on which it is based is pretty low." This test was not designed to evaluate the talent of so distinguished a writer as Mr. Hicks, but rather the talent of beginners who want to learn how to write. He adds to this paragraph a quote from our brochure: "Any normal person who is really determined to write can learn." I say he can—perhaps not like Hemingway—but write, yes. I think Mr. Hicks's definition of writing is not the same as ours.

Mr. Hicks takes issue with our saying to the student, "You are a class of one." This is precisely the reason we invite anyone and everyone to visit our school to see for themselves why we make this

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perfectly valid claim. He goes on to say: ". . . what even the most conscientious instructor could do for the student on the strength of a dozen assignments would necessarily be extremely limited." We agree—but the course he is discussing contains fifty-six projects which the student is required to do at home and twenty-seven assignments which he must send to the school for criticism.

The author continues: "I think the student who enrolls in the Famous Writers School may not get his money's worth—and the money involved is not peanuts." Mr. Hicks leaves out the important fact that the student is enrolled for a full three-year teaching program of guidance and criticism.

At the end of his piece, he says: "How tempting this sounds! Because I have great sympathy for would-be writers, I wish the twelve famous writers weren't involved in tempting them just this way." This sympathy for would-be writers is one of the chief reasons why the twelve men and women *did* become a part of our teaching program.

In the Famous Artists School we have spent thirteen years building an image of quality and integrity. This reputation is another reason why the twelve respected writers joined with us in founding the writing school. Likewise, it was because of our reputation that a group of distinguished editors, publishers, advertising men, and business leaders endorsed the idea of the Famous Writers School. On behalf of these eminent people, I must put myself on record against Mr. Hicks's casually researched article about us.

In the case of James F. Fixx, it has been our policy for some time to refuse interviews to anyone who would not visit the school and see for himself what we are striving to do. Mr. Fixx pleaded a "deadline" and out of deference to *Saturday Review* I gave him the interview in our New York office on the basis of its being part of a "round-up" piece on schools of writing, in which you wanted to include us. The purpose of the interview seems to have been nothing more than to acquire quotable statements to back up Mr. Hicks's piece.

Here again, I might suggest that selecting one sentence of a single five-part quiz from a sixteen-page test as "typical" seems like slanting. And certainly I did not say, "I see no reason why we should not eventually have 2,000,000 students." Regarding the teaching of writing, I said that in my opinion the best teacher of practical writing is a professional writer. The word "practical" is conveniently left out in Mr. Fixx's version.

In conclusion, I might note that there seems to be some inconsistency between the attitude of your readers and that of Mr. Hicks. The two advertisements we have run in *SR* have produced excellent results for us, not only in the number of responses but, more important, in the number of people who enrolled in our courses. In spite of Mr. Hicks's article, we intend to continue advertising in your excellent publication.

Famous Artists has a good reputation as a school—a reputation we have earned by teaching well and by helping many people to achieve their aspirations in the field of art. It is because of this that we have also become a large and successful business.

We hope that the same philosophy will accomplish the same ends with our new writing school.

I extend to you a most cordial invitation to visit the school and see for yourself why Mr. Hicks's piece has disturbed us so deeply. The same invitation is extended to Mr. Hicks and all the members of your staff. After visiting us and examining at first hand our techniques of teaching by mail, the personal quality of our service, and our attitude toward our students, I am convinced that the opinions reflected in Mr. Hicks's article would take on new and more constructive dimensions.

Albert Dorne,
President,
Famous Writers School.

Westport, Conn.

Mr. Hicks's article concerning the Famous Writers School has all the earmarks of an author with published work attempting to assure the struggling ones that nothing can ever lead them to success but hard knocks and divine guidance.

Objectively speaking, we assume that the school was founded first to make money and then to help the aspiring artist. The Talent Test appeared to be at the same time a placement test for future reference. With the results of that test plus the information sheet, a competent teacher would have a very concrete picture of each student.

The lessons are extensive; they require painstaking work on one's own without contact with the school. This training in itself may be the most valuable lesson we can learn.

We agree with Mr. Hicks that competence is no assurance of publication; a look at the newsstands would verify that. Instilled in my mind is the idea that *if one has something to say,* and can learn to choose words that give meaning to someone else, even then publication is only a possibility.

Draxie Chambers.

Clayton, Mo.

Granville Hicks's unfair "Mail-Order Creativity" completely overlooks the fact that most students of the Famous Writers School are persons prevented by distance or duties from attending "writing courses or writers' conferences."

One of his complaints is that a correspondence school "cannot provide the companionship of other beginning writers and it permits no personal contact between student and instructor." As a battered veteran of several "personal" writing courses, my experience has been that *no* instructor ever spent three hours criticizing my work, nor did he bother editing it. And I have found other beginning writers far too interested in their own work to be very helpful to mine. Thus, it seems to me that the Famous Writers School is giving me far more assistance than I have ever received before, even though I don't expect it to prepare me for writing the Great American Novel. . . .

Jean Newhouse.

Fayetteville, Ark.

ADDENDUM

In your university press issue [*SR*, May 6] your reviewer, in discussing Benjamin Wright's edition of "The Federalist Papers," makes glancing reference to the John Harvard Library. In the same issue there is a review of Barbara Cross's edition of "The Autobiography of Lyman Beecher." Since the introduction to neither review stipulates the fact, may I point out that both books are items in the John Harvard Library, a series devoted to restoring serious masterpieces of American culture not generally available.

Howard Mumford Jones,
Editor-in-Chief,
John Harvard Library.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEW SERIES

I wish to voice my enthusiasm for *SR*'s new series of reproductions, "Landmarks of Modern Art," which began in your May 13 issue. Hurrah!

Erna Sonne, Director,
Cranston Public Schools
Art Department.

Cranston, R.I.

MOTION SECONDED

Seldom have I been moved to write a letter to the editorial department of a national magazine. However, the guest editorial "Principles for the Nuclear Age" [*SR*, May 6], by Stuart Chase, prompts me to raise my voice in sincere praise. . . .

My only hope is that this document will reach a wide audience and help to shake an apathetic public. To me, Mr. Chase's line of thought is one of the few alternatives to destruction remaining to mankind.

James E. Diestler.

Edwardsville, Ill.

Stuart Chase's editorial includes much that is vitally important, but he omits one "fact of life" that is going to confront us.

In the world today there are not enough known natural resources to allow all of the world's people to have anything like the present standard of living in the United States. Every increase in our level of consumption widens the gap between ourselves and nearly two-thirds of the world's people. Moreover, the United States is not able to live at the present level without drawing on resources outside its boundaries.

Acceptance of some reduction of our "luxury" is essential if the world is to avoid perpetual conflict in the nuclear age. This fact of life is so unpleasant that most Americans ignore it. Yet there is ample instruction in the religious teachings of both East and West to point out the connection between voluntary limitation of material possessions and moral contentment.

Robert F. Stowell.

Cabot, Vt.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

It's Your Funeral

ONLY A playwright who has managed to live amazingly and even reprehensibly free of society's responsibilities and mutual indulgences could have written "**The Blacks.**" Because he evidently is such a man, Jean Genet rises above (or sinks below) the didacticism that invariably infects plays about interracial relations. Instead of setting out to teach white audiences tolerance, he simply takes a poet's inspired look at the totality of the Negro's position in the world, past, present, and future.

The play takes place in a *pretend* theatre inside a real one. On the *pretend* stage are a group of elegantly dressed Negroes who in daily life are cooks, maids, medical students, curates, and prostitutes, but who for the moment are performers pretending to perform before a *pretend* white audience. This *pretend* white audience is represented by five of the Negro performers, who wear white masks and sit on the opposite side of the action from us, the real white audience. To complicate matters further, M. Genet hypothesizes a real world outside the *pretend* theatre. In this real world a new Negro nation or underground faction is preparing to administer capital punishment to a Negro who has betrayed it.

Now, while one of the performers shuttles back and forth to bring news from the real world, the others set about providing the sort of entertainment they think we, the real audience, expect from Negroes and a caricature of the sort of response the Negro expects from us.

This entertainment involves the reenactment of one Negro's seduction-murder of a white woman. To keep the act as ritualistic as possible the white woman is played by a male Negro in a comic white mask and a skirt. The drama, however, comes less from this event than from other conflicts.

The most important of these is the involuntary resistance the individual characters find themselves making when they attempt to perform the pure stereotypes of the acts of pure hatred against whites ordered by their leader, the supersophisticated Archibald Absalom Wellington. Mr. Wellington explains to us that "in order that you be assured that there is no danger of such a drama's worming its way into your precious lives, we shall even have the decency—a decency learned from you—to make communication impossible. We shall increase the distance that separates us—a distance that is basic—by our pomp, our manners, our insolence—for we are also actors . . . everything here—*here!*—will take place in the delicate world of reprobation."

M. Genet knows that such noncommunication cannot be sustained continuously and indeed creates moments when the Queen in the *pretend* white audience finds her thoughts merging with those of one of the performing blacks. When this happens, however, both the blacks and the *pretend* whites restore the mood necessary for the entertainment's existence by desperate exercise of formal discipline.

Despite the constant veering toward a painful reality, the deliberately created artificiality of the "clown show"—as M. Genet calls it—permits the evocation of dozens of tantalizing ironies.

For instance, the Negroes apply shoe black in order to become more attractive, they make themselves tremble and show superstitious fear on cue to please their white rulers, and they yearn for the dignity of "the great days when the whites used to hunt the Negro along with the antelope." With similar absurdity, the Whites counteract every human impulse to sympathize with the blacks by reciting stock quotations on appreciated African mining shares, or by reminding themselves of some of the mechanical and trite glories of white civilization, as if these achievements excused their cumulative inhumanity toward the blacks.

BUT while these ironies are amusing and allusive, it is the experiencing of the very thing Archibald is trying to prevent that gives "The Blacks" whatever power it has to involve us. And that experiencing comes from the inevitable process of identification. While it is possible that some Americans will identify themselves with the actors in the white masks, the deeper identification is with the individual blacks.

There are those who would interpret "The Blacks" as simply a burning indictment of white society and white inhumanity. But isn't the virtue of this play the fact that it is unrelated to political or sociological policy? Of course, the whites have behaved immorally toward the blacks, but Genet's concern is not with making them behave better. Rather, he is writing pure description of the qualities he finds in the whites and the blacks of organized society as he views them through his prismatic eye. It appears to be Genet's point of view that being black in our times is itself a tragedy. Thus the dilemma of the various-shaded clowns in this play is that they can never be black enough. Conversely, he suggests that the comedy of their situation may be that they can never be white enough. If M. Genet is plumping for anything in this play, it is perhaps for a destruction of a sentimental and hypocritical society that happens to be white, in favor of a more cruel and realistic society that happens to be black. He also indicates, however, that such a shift in power is more likely to come from white exhaustion than black militancy and that it might result in a society just as squeamish and ignoble as he feels the present one to be. Thus "The Blacks" is a porcupine with quills of sharp paradox aimed at anyone who would embrace it.

It is not easily embraced by actors. For the performing of the natural within the artificial and the individual within a group action requires a kind of proficiency not readily available in the American theatre. Under Gene Frankel's always precise direction, a disciplined cast at least gives us the impression that it knows what it is doing. Roscoe Lee Browne is stylish and authoritative as Archibald. James Earl Jones expresses the anxiety if not the tragedy of the murderer forced to keep love and seduction separate, and Godfrey M. Cambridge achieves much pathos and comedy in the role of the old man who must don the mask and play "she who gets killed." Kim Swados's constructivist elevated crescent and Patricia Zipprodt's overdone costumes also contribute to the ritualistic style of the evening. Yet somehow the sense that we are watching real human beings in deadly combat with their fate does not sustain itself as strongly as it should, and the final suicide of the whites turns into wafer-thin fancy.

This is a fault. Certainly Genet may have intended that the takeover of the world by the blacks should be more an idea than a prediction of real events, but the strength of his play depends on our believing it during the time of the ritual. As it stands, the production at the St. Marks Playhouse falls somewhat short of the terror-striking potential of the play's uncensored and nightmarish visions. Nevertheless, of its wild audacity, its reverberating images, and its full relation to the true and the undiscussable, enough emerges to make "The Blacks" a real gasser.

—HENRY HEWES.

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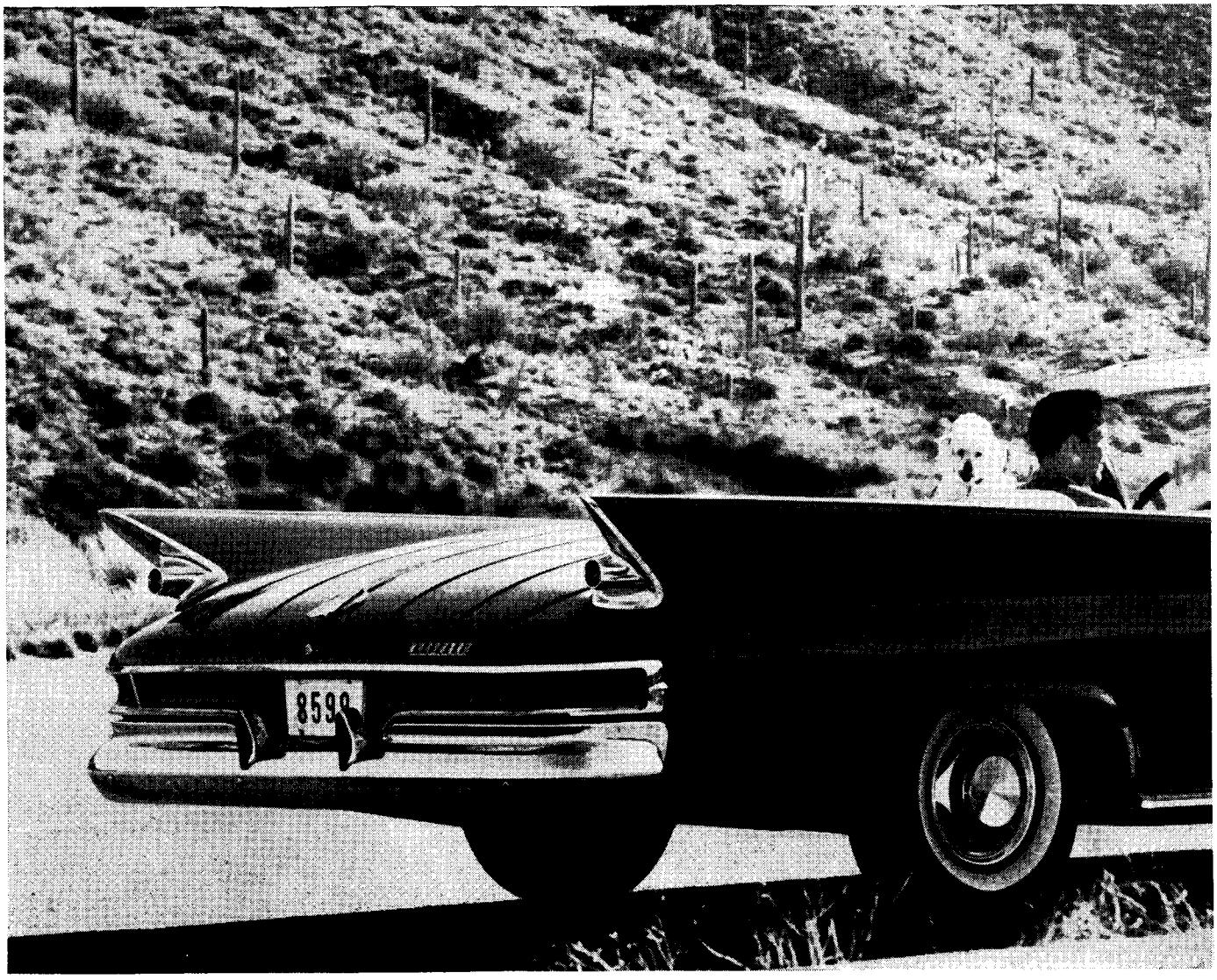

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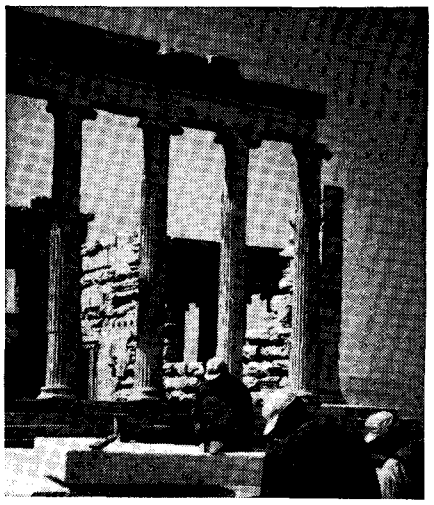
Greece and the Spring

THERE was time, during a brief pause in Athens this spring, to walk the white streets in the clear blue air, to be hailed by sponge sellers with their enormous cluster of wares picked off the bottom of the Aegean and by the purveyors of violets, so surely a breath of the new season one hadn't the heart to refuse. There was time to stroll around the corner from the Grand Bretagne—they used to call it the Petit Palais during the trouble with Cyprus—to the Floca, that den of bon-bon temptations, and have a box packed for some friends traveling off to Delphi by car—Jordan almonds, dripping baklava, honey-soaked pastries, bags of pistachio nuts, to relieve the rocky landscape on the four-hour drive. There was time to spend an evening at Costi's where the menu can be had in English but the fare may be had in Greek—wine leaves stuffed avgolemono, tomatoes stuffed Turkish-style, red surmulets on the grill, sausages sautéed with white beans, *halvas* of sesame seeds, yogurt with honey, and the one I can never go, *cocoretzi*, or intestines. One could only be thankful that the *maison* had been thoughtful enough not to present those other specialities of the Greek cuisine, sheep's eyes and raw clams that must be squirted with lemon juice. If they don't shudder, don't eat.

By day we approached the old hill of the Acropolis somewhat gingerly, pausing to stroll through the Theatre of Dionysus, which nestles against its flanks. The stone seats were installed in the fourth century to replace the wooden ones and we sat for a while in the front row, where the chairs that still have their stone backs were reserved for the magistrates and the priests. Not only did the Theatre of Dionysus play theatre, but it was used as well for meetings of the assembly. The Odeum of Herodes Atticus nearby is much newer. It was built by a Greek benefactor in memory of his wife, who died in 161 A.D., and it was used mostly for concerts. Herodes Atticus built it well, for it is used for concerts and plays to this day, a fact that would only cause one to wonder whether the Huntington Hartford Theater in Los Angeles will be playing for whatever civilization exists 1,800 years from now, or along about the year 3,761.



—*H.S.*

The Acropolis—time for violets and a visit.

I climbed the ancient hill, as I have climbed it many times, and heard the recitatives of the guides, as I have listened to them often. Only this time I drew a mentor who rapped his cane for attention and passed out hand-printed explanations of his running commentary written neatly in green ink on the backs of discarded tourist photos taken by the fast-action lensmen who work the hill. For the first time I strolled through the museum on the Acropolis, checking my camera at the door, a peculiar custom required of tourists by the Greeks, who don't like photographs to be taken of their antiquities when they are displayed under a roof. Outdoor relics may be photographed at will.

From the sun-baked majesty of old Greece we drove out along the sea to the new playground at Vouliagmeni Beach, where yachts come to anchor in the summer and there are seaside cabins and courts for paddle tennis and basketball. A new and splendid restaurant called the Oceanid is the latest attraction here along the seacoast, only removed by a hill from the ruins of the Temple of Poseidon. Temples of tourism are going up all along the nearby coast from Phaleron to Sounion. Not the least of the developments is Astir Beach, the brave forerunner of this new Riviera, which opened several years ago with its motel bungalows with their walls that swivel open to the sea, the water a yard or two away, and the restaurant and the beach a short stroll from one's front door. Now little seafood restaurants, small hotels, and romantic nightclubs are filling in the blanks as the strip hurries toward its

The Harbor at Hydra—bristle-chinned fishermen, tables on the wharf, and donkeys for the uphill run.

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destiny as the Balkan Côte d'Azur.

Soon, as they must to all cities of the world, svelte Western hotel ways will come to Athens. A gigantic new Hilton Hotel has been built in a gentle curve to fit a little square not far from the center of town. But there almost surely will be no encroachment in our time of the small tavernas, the little outdoor restaurants tucked away near the bays that knew the Persians and the Turks. As all Athens was doing, we flocked one Saturday night to a restaurant called the Tjaki, which means fireplace, and if the food was not exactly worth shouting to the guidebook writers about, the entertainment later, when the candles are placed on the tables and the management encourages a softer ambiance, was both charming and memorable. Sifting through the crowd came the ample, black-robed figure of Nana Mouskouri, the new rage of Athens, who sings the songs of Manos Hadjidakis, composer of the music for "Never on Sunday." In her well-stuffed simple black dress, her plain hairdo, her black-rimmed eyeglasses, and her no-nonsense delivery, she was like a Saftig Brooklyn stenographer doing an imitation of Piaf singing fado in Greek. But the words, however ununderstandable, came clear, there was enough of a hint of monotone to make you appreciate melody when it broke through, and there was enough of suppressed melancholia about that small silver voice and those black olive eyes to evoke a barrage of applause.

The next morning we took a cab down to Piraeus, the port for Athens, and, with help from the driver, picked out from the maze of steamers, picnickers, trippers, and hawsers the boat that plies out to the isle called Hydra. Of all the isles of Greece Hydra needs no yacht, no plane, no five-day excursion, for a roomy tub, modest in its accommodations but tolerable all the same, especially if you are not a Greek imbued with the idea that you must stay below decks in the gas-fume-filled salons, sails daily to the island, which sits just south of the Peloponnesus.

On our stout ship, among the young Greek excursionists and the British tourists, was the Austro-American architect Richard Neutra, protected from the still chill winds off the Gulf of Saronikos by a well-worn coat that, as he said, was Sigmund Freud's, given him by Freud's son. No time-waster, Neutra filled the idle hours dictating to his wife, who took his pronouncements to clients back home directly on a typewriter. The little machine ground onward as smoothly and with as little interruption of progress as the ship's engines and we were soon stopping at Poros, where, in the Temple of Poseidon, now in ruins, Demosthenes took poison and died 322 years before the birth of Christ. All along the waterfront the harbor taxis were waiting to row the debarking passengers to their final destination. Out of the cactus and the crags rose the tower of the church, rising higher than the figure of a girl who stood with effortless poise atop the pinnacle of the highest rock.

Hydra, when we came round the bend and saw it for the first time, proved a marvelous harbor lined with white buildings that rimmed the deep blue bay. There were caïques and rowboats and a yacht or two tied up at the stone wharves, and the buildings marched up the hillsides till they gave way at last, out of the fatigue of the islanders and the lack of need, to the grubby shale that is so much of Greece. There were the fishermen so essentially a part of all islands of the Mediterranean, burnished, bristle-chinned, mending nets in a huge cat's cradle that stretched from thumb to toe. Chairs were pulled up in front of the cafes, one by the boat dock and another around the curve, just behind the bust of Admiral Koundouriotis near the post office. Donkey caravans going and coming from the houses on the hill wandered amiably among the tables. I yearned for the use of one when we began the climb to the lone tourist hotel perched high among the crags where two dollars buys a room, a view, and a continuing state of breathlessness unless you stay in your room during your entire sojourn. Since the hotel served nothing except breakfast, and that in a windowless if roomy cell on the main floor, we parked our things, went back downhill, and stayed at sea level until it was time for bed.

I won't dredge up the ancient history of Hydra beyond throwing away a passing reference to Herodotus, who mentioned it and called it Hydrea. The island got a permanent population, most of them Albanian-speaking Greeks from the Peloponnesus peninsula, in the mid-1400s. Most of them were shepherds, farmers, and fishermen. Later came refugees from the Turks, notably when the Turks once more took hold of the Peloponnesus in 1699. When Nelson blockaded European ports during the Napoleonic wars, privateers operated by Hydriots ran the protective screen. These mariners became the *nouveau riche* of the Mediterranean world and they built lavish mansions which they stuffed with splendors from foreign ports. Nor did they neglect their patriotic beliefs for they financed the naval war against the Turks in 1821. Greece was free by 1831, but the privateer captains had spent their fortunes. All that remained were their homes, and Hydra declined in importance and in the traveler's world it was

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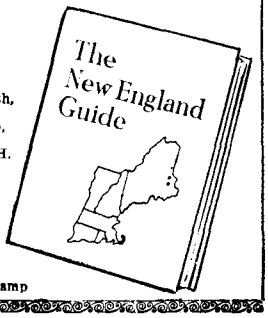

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almost unheard of until it was chosen as the locale for the film "Boy on a Dolphin" with Sophia Loren. About the same time it was also discovered by vagrant writers some from Norway, others from Australia and later America. A colony of young intellectuals took roots among the dry rocks and the old stone houses. The Greek government opened a painting school. Soon the island, so long out, was in. Visiting yachts tie up in summer until the old wharves look like the marina at Fort Lauderdale in February, albeit with a complement of gnarled fishermen strung out along the quay. The daily boat disgorges all sorts of types, us and the Richard Neutras and the British tourists one day, and the retired headmaster of the Punahou School in Hawaii on the next. There is a painter of some means from San Francisco now in established residence and a fledgling novelist from the Midwest. Handsome, straw-haired couples materialize out of the streets to pull up quayside chairs laid out by the taverns. The center of the cadre is Axel Jensen, a successful young Norwegian writer, George and Charmian Johnston, here from Australia, and Sam Barclay, reputedly of the Barclay's Bank family, who commutes from the nearby island of Spetsai in his yacht called the *Stormy Seas*, which has a blue hull and terra-cotta-colored sails. In the morning clustered around the admiral's bust taking the sun and waiting for the mail, the crowd moves around to the opposite side of the quay in the afternoon, following the sun and waiting to see who will arrive with the post-meridian ship.

The trippers visit the Kimisis Theotokou, the church and monastery of the Dormition of the Virgin, built during the 17th century but obviously richly endowed during the island's salad days when Hydra's mariners were running Nelson's blockade. Then Hydra bustled with a population of 40,000, and rich families donated gold icons. Somehow a gold chandelier from the Royal Palace in Versailles found its way here to hang alongside silver chandeliers contributed by the Greek merchants of Smyrna.

We had lunch at the Skouna, a restaurant swarming with tourists and painted with beautiful murals contributed in a barter by a hungry artist. We went into the kitchen to give our order, as is the local custom, and then repaired to a table on the quay where we ate broiled fish and drank retsina and sent the young lad of ten who was our waiter next door to the tavern to fetch a coffee and a chunk of baklava. It was too far to climb back to our hotel eyrie, so we walked the seaside promenade up the hill to the fortress fitted out with old cannon taken from Greek ships that had fought the Turks for Independence. The pine trees were a canopy of shade and on the hill behind us the windmill restored for the Sophia Loren film stood idle and bereft of its canvas sails. Far down along the shoreline a Swedish couple were, as Swedes are wont to do, worshipping the sun on a pebbly waterside perch. But it was too far to go and we fell asleep stretched out by the side of the road. All that could have happened was that one might have been stepped on by a donkey, for Hydra has no automobiles. We visited the villa of Boudouris, who sailed under the Russian flag and ran the blockade to carry commerce between Spain and Russia. In the Boulgaris house at the waterfront, there was a special balcony for musicians and the ceilings are of carved wood fetched from Russia and whittled by an artisan fetched from Bavaria. A Spanish prisoner served as an impressed decorator.

In one villa prizewinning young artists come to paint under the sponsorship of the Greek government, which has other art centers at Rhodes, Mykonos, and Delphi. Another is being completed as a new hotel with twenty-five rooms, all to be ready this month, complete with fussy Greek Victorian ceilings and brass chandeliers and lemon trees blooming in the garden. Thankfully, it is only a step or two from the curving wharf, an improvement we reflected on wistfully as we followed the donkey droppings up the steep stone trail that led to our sanctuary high in the Hydriot heights.

The next morning there was the gorgeous view from the terrace and the houses all tumbling down to water's edge. We had breakfast in the cell-like hall on the main floor and had another coffee at the tavern down at the quay under the bug-eyed bust of Admiral Koundouriotis. Then there was a toot that echoed across the water and slapped against the white buildings. and the ship for Athens came into view. At Poros a Greek Orthodox priest with his high black hat and a silver-topped cane came aboard, and so did a peasant lady in a kerchief and a visitor returning to Athens with an enormous fish unwrapped, but trussed up, head tied to tail, and another who carried a paper bag from which grew the spiny antennae of a lobster. Down in the salon, all mahogany and carpets and heavy with the perfume of diesel oil, the ladies had long since turned pale, were quietly retching. On deck where the season was still young, the wind cut a bit, but it straightened one's soul and we sat up there, with our legs stretched out across the empty seats, bundled up and full of history until the lights of Piraeus came up at last off the port bow.—Horace Sutton.

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TV AND RADIO

"Look, Ma—No Hands!"

GOVERNOR Leroy Collins, the new president of the National Association of Broadcasters used the phrase "the thinking broadcaster" in his speech before the organization's recent annual convention in Washington. "We simply cannot adjust," he said, "a thinking broadcaster's future with a mediocre program taste."

An ominous portent suggests that, in the industry's future, there may not be any *thinking* broadcasters at all. This is neither jest nor hyperbole. For some time I have been noticing certain intriguing advertisements in *Broadcasting*, a weekly publication devoted to television and radio. "Look, Ma—No hands!" one ad began; and then it read: "No hands. Just top-quality, 'name' musical programming, on tape, for continuous, completely automated, trouble-free radio broadcasting, including commercials and announcements." Another ad showed a master control panel, with an empty chair before it. "Not a turntable in sight!" the caption exclaimed. "100% of broadcast schedule is recorded . . . for instant broadcast use. Operator simply slips the magazine in a playback unit, pushes a button and the material is on the air." After the NAB convention, I read reports of exhibits which indicated that the ads were signs of a real trend. "Full station automation is on the way," one story said. "TV, too, can be operated by robots."

Hundreds of stations, I have learned, already have some form of pre-set sequences of tapes with video or voice "events." A single punch starts an entire automatic sequence. Provision is made, in many operations, for the insertion of locally taped commercials, station promotions, news, and weather. This appears to be the primitive form, however. "Growing in importance," reports *Broadcasting*, "is an ultimate in automatic radio station operation: *one source provides the programming and the equipment*" (italics ours). One company furnishes a station with eighteen eight-hour tape reels weekly. Has it not become possible, then, for one individual to operate, announce, and pushbutton a station's complete radio broadcast service? And if not actually a single individual (he could also, in between the single eight-hour punches, be the station's lone salesman), how many more are required? An advertised system offers a computer that also does the bookkeeping while it plays the programs.

Does it matter? One is inclined to shrug. What real difference does it make if five disc jockeys in the studio of a New York canned program service replace five local radio "personalities" in any town? Anyone who has traveled long distances by car in the United States, and punched the buttons of his car radio in frustration at the abysmal ubiquity of the "Top 40" sliced thin in a one-song-one-commercial sandwich, knows the absurdity of our radio "wasteland" dotted by rare oases of serious music. What matters is not solely the exploitation of a vast natural resource but the final dehumanization of an industry in which advancing technology, unrestrained by any sense of social obligation, becomes a menace rather than a boon. The swift development of the mechanical "information center" tends to centralize control wherever it is employed. The narrowing of the decision-making function (even the eventual displacement of middle management in industry) seems unavoidable. In a rational society it could be beneficial. Bigness and standardization in the manufacture of "things" may be defensible; but the fundamental value judgments of a democracy find automated control and conformity in cultural matters abhorrent and dangerous.

One of the foundation stones in broadcasting's house is the notion of local expression in programs. Opportunity would be provided, the founders confidently predicted, for the reflection of the unique character of a community in a broadcaster's schedule. Local *live* talent must be nourished, it has often been ruled by the FCC. If today the commission's new chairman taxes television for a fault in this department, what of radio, the demoted mother of the art? The concept of matching a station's performance to its promise was established first for sound broadcasting. Who ever dreams of applying it to radio today? The pushbutton radio station (and eventually TV?) with a human starter and a stopper (also, in time, to be eliminated) is a beautiful symbol for the extreme approach to broadcasting as a free, First Amendment bird, utterly untamed by any social responsibility. Said Chairman Minow to the broadcasters in his historic NAB blast: "We need imagination in programming, not sterility; creativity, not imitation; experimentation, not conformity; excellence, not mediocrity. Television is filled with creative, imaginative people. You must strive to set them free." Amen, Mr. Chairman—but let's hope the kind of freedom we get is not that of fully automated broadcasting.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

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OCEANIA, WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

From Ponape in the Caroline Islands (a United States trust), William J. Taliaferro sends, fitly enough, a list of books each of which has "South Seas" (or "South Sea") in its title. The title arrangement is chronological (1823-1959). You are asked to assign the correct authors to the correct titles. Answers on page 40.

1.	"Voyage in the South Seas"	( ) Louis Becke
2.	"A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands"	( ) Noel Coward
3.	"Omoo: A Narrative of Adventure in the South Seas"	( ) Bengt Danielsson
4.	"In the South Seas"	( ) T. J. Dunabin
5.	"Notes from My South Sea Log"	( ) Johnny Frisbie
6.	"White Shadows in the South Seas"	( ) James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff
7.	"Faery Lands in the South Seas"	( ) Felix Keesing
8.	"Slavers of the South Seas"	( ) Herman Melville
9.	"The South Seas in the Modern World"	( ) Frederick O'Brien
10.	"Yankee Whalers in the South Seas"	( ) David Porter
11.	"South Sea Bubble"	( ) R. L. Stevenson
12.	"Love in the South Seas"	( ) A. B. C. Whipple
13.	"The Frisbies of the South Seas"	( ) John Williams

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Lesser Epics

WHILE Hollywood increasingly drifts toward a concentration on costly large-scale productions, there are still those who toil in the low-budget field, probably the riskiest field of all, so far as tapping today's box office is concerned. The shoestring production doesn't usually warrant from the distribution companies the kind of exploitation and advertising effort that automatically accrues to more heroic endeavors like "Spartacus" and the upcoming "The Guns of Navarone." Yet modest features continue to be made, partly because the lesser independent producers want to make films, partly because lightning sometimes strikes, as it once did for "Marty."

In New York recently, two daring producers, Alfred Crown and Dan Enright, put their own money on the line to make "**Blast of Silence,**" a story about a hired killer from the Midwest who has been brought to Manhattan to dispose of a rising racketeer in the guise of a respectable businessman. Oddly enough, the film turns out to be virtually a psychological study of the killer, who is portrayed as a lonely man, given to doing his work with all the professionalism of a skilled craftsman. He studies his quarry, works out plans for a quiet, efficient killing, and eventually carries out the assignment.

The killer is played by Allen Baron, who also directed and wrote the screenplay. The low-budget seams sometimes show through in the sound and the low-keyed photography, but for the most part it manages to keep one occupied. It of course ends up as not quite thriller and not quite psychological study, but the people do at times seem much more human than is usually the case in this kind of film. The killer actually seems almost pathetic when he runs into a nice girl he once knew, makes the mistake of dating her, only to discover she has taken pity on his loneliness. Naturally she hasn't the faintest idea of what he is in town for. Larry Tucker is interesting as a weird sort of underworld type who keeps pet mice and knows where a gun with a silencer can be found. Quite bothersome, however, is a portentous and pretentious narration that serves to illuminate, supposedly, the inner motivations that make the killer tick. The sum spent on the movie is said to be in the neighborhood of $70,000; if so, the result amounts to quite a trick.

The poor man's "Elmer Gantry" can be found in "**Angel Baby,**" a look into evangelism in the Deep South, based on a novel by Elsie Oaks Barber. While Thomas H. Woods has produced this effort with care and has rounded up a capable cast, I'm afraid he has run into script trouble. On the one hand, the story shows a deluded girl believing that she has the power to cure by faith, while, on the other, it demonstrates that she actually can. What starts out as exposé ends up as espousal.

The girl, who is shocked into muteness by a brutish father, speaks again when a young evangelist gives her faith. Somewhat wanton until then, she becomes pure, turns into an evangelist herself, and eventually, though exploited and mocked, makes a crippled boy walk.

An astonishingly good performance is turned in by Mercedes McCambridge, who has married a young convert (George Hamilton); and effective on the whole is Salome Jens, as Angel Baby.

Others included in the cast are Joan Blondell and Henry Jones, as a pair of dipsomaniac Bible Belters. The direction by Paul Wendkos wavers between melodrama and artiness, and it's difficult to tell whether everyone is out to do something dazzling or whether it's all for the purpose of shock, as when a brute tries to rape Angel Baby, or as when this supposedly sincere evangelist appears at the tent meeting illustrating the Bible in sexy costume. Because of the economic pressures on low-budget production, intents do tend to get mixed up.

COLUMBIA has a modest item in "**Five Golden Hours,**" a comedy purportedly, in which Ernie Kovacs is a professional mourner at funerals, and performs comforting services for widows. They, in turn, are grateful to him, and make him comfortable. A fever for a very beautiful widow (Cyd Charisse) grips him, and he embarks on an embezzling scheme, somehow lands in a mental home, and after that the plot gyrations become too difficult to follow. George Sanders and Dennis Price are in the cast, but the jokes are precious few, and the trouble with the ones that *are* there is that they aren't funny. Hans Wilhelm was the script writer, Mario Zampi the director, and it's lucky for them the budget was kept low.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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PHOTO AWARDS

➔

Saturday Review

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1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1960, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1961, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1962. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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Storyteller's Guidebook

—*Werner J. Kuhn.*

Louis Auchincloss—"a novelist fails if he is not first of all an entertainer."

"Reflections of a Jacobite," by Louis Auchincloss *(Houghton Mifflin. 220 pp. $4), reveals the critical eclecticism and humor of the author of "The House of Five Talents." Besides novels and regional histories, James Gray wrote "On Second Thought," a collection of literary essays.*

By James Gray

NOW HERE is a lively invitation to reconsider the enduring values of the novel of manners. The appraisals made by Louis Auchincloss in this small collection of critical essays seem fresh and revealing because they are spontaneous, personal, and, despite the air of casual modesty with which they are presented, surcharged with awareness and conviction.

The James to whom the title declares adherence is, of course, Henry James, to whose work the novels of Auchincloss have been compared. Long ago, says this writer, he formed the habit of "reading over the shoulder of Henry James." That is an apt way of expressing a predilection, a sympathy comfortably cultivated, rather than a dedicated discipleship. For, obviously, though he has shared many of the preferences of "the master," Auchincloss has not been limited by the aversions of a man who, for all the brilliance of his insights, sometimes seemed to be frozen in judgment by a rigid determination to defend the orthodoxy of an artistic faith which he himself had formulated. As he seems now to invite Henry James to read over his own shoulder, this special kind of Jacobite reveals a taste more eclectic than his teacher ever permitted himself to develop and along with it a technique of appraisal that is more flexible, more responsive, and more just.

What is stimulating—even rather moving—about this man's approach to criticism is that it is made with the passionate hopefulness of the creative artist. This, perhaps, is the best lesson that anyone could learn of Henry James, who did so much to clear the path toward an understanding of fiction. Auchincloss writes with the quiet enthusiasm of a person who has never even heard the dismal cliché that the critical faculty kills the creative, or its even more obtuse counterpart that the creative impulse stands in sullen fear of the critical. He knows that the two must be not merely allies but collaborators if successful effects are to be achieved by the artist or if discerning evaluations are to be made by the critic.

These pages reveal a deep satisfaction in the point well made, the passion triumphantly dramatized, the insight splendidly illuminated. As a craftsman himself, Auchincloss perceives that any success in a work of art is based on discipline and that it can be realized only by a powerful sense of form. He is aware also that even the most gifted artists falter in their hold on values, leaving wide gaps between the best and the worst aspects of their work. The purpose of the novelist in turning toward criticism is precisely to instruct himself in the finest, the most reliable, means of achieving artistic results. And this concentration of effort helps to make of the creator an exact and exacting critic. Because he cannot afford to be indulgent, his examination is rigorous; because he rejoices in artistic success his presentation of his judgments seems generous. In these essays the tone of criticism is elevated by respect and, at the same time, humanized, often made delightful, by humor.

Criticism, as everyone must know who has written it with fear and trembling or read it with similar uncertainties, is likely to let its tone degenerate either into that of bland concession or into that of angry denunciation. The uninformed, who have nothing to rely on but their faulty or flighty sensibilities, often turn it into a tea party of meaningless, universal benignity. Followers of schools or disciples of demigods may transform it into a tent meeting of shrill adherents or into a riot of rejection. Louis Auchincloss asks us to share the deeper pleasure of discerning in any work of fiction what is good and what is bad and why. His book offers an introduction to the most delicate of skills, one that requires a strong as well as a fine hand, that of discrimination.

He insists throughout these pages that a novelist fails if he is not first of all an entertainer. For him Bourget becomes a crank when he forsakes his true gifts of characterization and allows theories to push his figures into tight corners, onto pillories, or into sacrificial fires. Tolstoy becomes a bore when, in "War and Peace," he leaps to the platform and pretentiously intones his lectures on the meaning of history; what was brilliantly presented as drama in the scenes becomes nebulous, contradictory, almost absurd, in the essays. Edith Wharton becomes, as her knowledge of American society is worn threadbare and her satiric touch becomes correspondingly rough, (my word, and how she would have hated it!) a caricature of what she most longed to be: the great lady of a salon that was at once intellectually inclusive and socially exclusive. Proust, a touching victim of the snobbery that he satirized and of the emotional limitations that he deplored but insisted on regarding as common to most men, managed nonetheless to present a view of society that for all its distortions seemed to have "a certain universal validity."

It should be pointed out, I think, that when Louis Auchincloss calls attention to the novelist's duty to entertain he is not offering comfort to those who say, with their own little air of superiority, that they read to be amused but who really mean that they read to be put to sleep. Like the master himself, Auchincloss asks these things of a good reader: a scrupulous attention to the page, a ready responsiveness to passion and to effects of power, an awareness of design, an appreciation of subtle wit, and, above all, a cooperative resourcefulness in using fiction to expand the panorama of society into one more stimulating than meets the sluggish eye. It is to this level of entertainment that he invites an audience and to it I hope that his witty and satisfying book may guide many.

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It's All in Our Imagination

"Form and Fable in American Fiction," by Daniel G. Hoffman *(Oxford. 359 pp. $7), attempts a new literary interpretation through folklore, myth, ritual, and experience. Gay Wilson Allen is professor of English at New York University.*

By Gay Wilson Allen

"WHAT then is the American, this new man?" asked Crèvecoeur in 1782. This query, says Daniel Hoffman, posed "at the birth of the Republic the question of national identity which our writers have never since ceased trying to answer." And now we have the literary critics trying to analyze the answers in order to find a coherent rationale, but most of them have approached the problem with a biased theory or restricting methodology, such as the "antipuritan" expressionists of the Twenties, the Marxist-oriented sociologists of the Thirties, the formalists ("New Critics") of the forties, and the ritualists and psychoanalytic mythographers of the past decade.

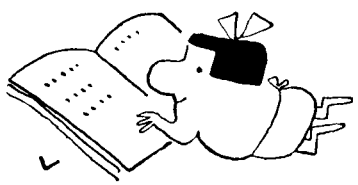
Now comes a synthesizer in "Form and Fable in American Fiction" who says, "My method in the chapters dealing with specific works is to concentrate on a close reading of each tale: I assess whatever contributions the text itself demands from folklore, myth, and ritual, or from biographical, historical, or literary antecedents." Fortunately, the author has done distinguished work in the fields of folklore and literary interpretation, and he brings to his task both technical knowledge and broad sympathy.

Probably many readers will be as skeptical as this reviewer was at the idea that folklore, that compendium of old wives' tales, can provide a matrix for fruitful study of major fiction. But this book, though it includes old wives' tales, is basically concerned with experience or, more accurately, with American imagination, influenced by daily experience, inherited tradition (ritual), and dream or fantasy (myth). Hoffman presents in detail four writers —Irving, Hawthorne, Melville, and Twain—whose "forms" and "fables" derived from or paralleled the creations of the folk imagination, and hence contributed answers to the questions "What is an American?" "What is the American novel?"

Beginning with Irving is particularly interesting, because he is not generally remembered either for his originality or his use of native materials. Constance Rourke, for example, did not even mention "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" in her otherwise excellent "American Humor," but Brom Bones was an early example of the backwoods or frontiersman who anticipated Davy Crockett and Mike Fink, while Ichabod Crane is the perennial "Yankee," a "Jack of all trades," a "city slicker" outwitted by a country bumpkin. " 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' sketches the conflict of cultures which the rest of our literature has adumbrated ever since. One could predict *that* for Irving's story; both Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones lived lustily ever after. They are rivals yet." On the international scene they meet repeatedly in Henry James's novels.

IT WAS Hawthorne who defined his long stories as "romances" instead of novels, using the term to exempt his art from the exigencies of realism. And it is significant that from Hawthorne to Faulkner American fiction has made more use of the supernatural and Gothic than any other literature. Hoffman is not the first to observe that American fiction is nearly always more concerned with inner than with outer experience. Hawthorne himself preferred the sturdy characters of Trollope to his own shadowy abstractions. But as an American he had to make his "romances" psychological rather than novels of manners.

Both in the folk imagination and the fables of the four writers treated in this book we see the American continually trying to transform himself, to rid himself of the past and become a new man. Often quite literally a "Jack of all trades," he likewise experiences spiritual metamorphoses in asserting his self-reliance, a self-reliance that can lead to the tragic destruction of Ahab in Melville's masterpiece, or the ironical withering of Paradise in Hawthorne's Blithesdale. Both authors used the imagery of American life to sinew their books, but " 'Moby Dick' most profoundly expresses the aspirations and the limitations of the culture as well as the individual genius that produced it. And that culture has, thus far, given us fewer tragic heroes and transcendent Christians than individuals alienated from their pasts, striving to discover those 'humanities' which yet bind them to 'the magnetic circle of mankind.' "



T. S. Eliot and Lionel Trilling have agreed that the River is a god in "Huckleberry Finn," but Hoffman finds a "more explicit supernaturalism in this book. . . . Or, more properly, there is an exemplification and testing of three attitudes toward the imaginative fulfillment of life, and these are largely indicated in supernatural terms." The first of these is conventional Christianity, which turns out to be "institutionalized smugness." Although Huck pragmatically rejects prayer because "there ain't nothing in it," he actually had innately and unconsciously the moral character which hypocritical adults tried to teach him.

"The second kind of imagination in 'Huckleberry Finn' is the romantic escape from the commonplace into the faraway and long ago by which Tom Sawyer makes life in his humdrum hamlet a series of adventurous surprises." Here I think Hoffman takes too seriously Mark Twain's stock humorous devices. Yet perhaps it is especially American to regard romanticism as the ultimate absurdity. At any rate, we laugh at Tom and sympathize with Huck's common-sensical pragmatism.

THE third realm of imagination, that of superstition, has been interpreted in different ways by white and Negro critics. In the beginning of the book Mark Twain used supernatural folklore to differentiate Jim; Ralph Ellison has called this the "minstrel stereotype." But Huck has superstitions too, and Jim is finally the hero of his own oracular prophecies. Moreover, "the fear-ridden slave becomes in the end a source of moral energy."

The most persistent faith found in American fiction for the past century is belief in the natural man, represented in the fictional Negro, Indian, or Polynesian, and in folklore by the frontiersman. Not always in life, but in the realm of imagination, equalitarianism is "the basis of our national character." Hoffman demonstrates this conclusion and shows how it has produced both our fables and forms in fiction.

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Internationalists

Continued from page 25

organic world commonwealth as the cure" was "a pathfinder." That judgment is a just one. Today the concept of an organically unified world order—of world government—is finding increasing acceptance among all free peoples. Men's minds are moving more and more in that direction, and H. G. Wells played a pioneer part in bringing about that welcome and necessary movement of mind.

FROM his early days Albert Einstein also looked beyond national frontiers. As Otto Nathan observes in the very readable volume "Einstein on Peace," the scientist by nature was an internationalist: ". . . he disliked both extreme nationalism and chauvinism." In October 1914, in the early days of the First World War, when national feelings were rampant, he signed his first political document appealing for the unity of Europe. Today the foundations of European union are being laid in the Council of Europe Assembly at Strasbourg, France, where sixteen European countries are represented.

But during the First World War Einstein was beginning to turn his mind to another international concept; he had come to consider a supranational organization as a prerequisite to the abolition of war. Throughout his life Einstein strove to secure a world without war. As he said in Geneva in May 1932, "War cannot be humanized, it can only be abolished." He therefore was an ardent supporter of the League of Nations in its early days and, we are told, served as a member of the League's Committee on Intellectual Cooperation.

Einstein was also a strong supporter of war resistance. In 1931, before the advent of Hitler, he said, "Among the peoples of the world the idea of war resistance is growing. You must fearlessly accept the challenge and aggressively spread the idea of war resistance. You must convince the people to take disarmament into their own hands and to declare that they will have no part in war or in the preparation for war."

The editors point out that while he never wavered in his profound abhorrence of war, nor in his conviction that only the creation of a supranational organization would safeguard the peoples of the world, the seizure of unlimited power by Nazism, which defied all moral and ethical laws and openly glorified war, caused Einstein to abandon his support of war resistance and even to advocate rearmament in the West. This was, of course, a radical departure from the views he had expressed all through his life: no doubt the physicist was influenced by what he considered a mortal danger confronting the world.

Einstein was strongly critical of the failure of governments to achieve agreement on disarmament. Speaking in February 1932, he said, "Nothing in recent years has been more shameful for the major powers than the failure of the various disarmament conferences . . . due to the indifference and apathy of people everywhere." The major powers have still failed to reach agreement after ten years of successive conferences.

Asked in 1931 what he thought of the Geneva Protocol, which had sought to outlaw aggression, but had never been ratified, Einstein replied, "We must continue to fight for the ratification of the Geneva Protocol." Its confirmation might well have prevented the Second World War.

PROBABLY Einstein's greatest regret was his association with the development of atomic energy. There is much force in the editors' comment that ". . . the most tragic experience in his life, which he felt deeply, came precisely as the result of his unusually rich and meaningful work as a scientist. It is tragic . . . that he, who all his life strove for a world without war, should have aided in providing the scientific basis for the most serious threat to man's survival: the atomic bomb."

The advent of the atomic bomb had a profound influence on Einstein; he became convinced that the only solution lay in world government. In 1951 he wrote, "The only reasonable policy the United States can pursue is to declare, unconditionally, that security in the world depends upon the establishment of world government which will be open to all nations." He looked forward to the time when the United Nations would be transformed into a world authority capable of maintaining world peace.

If only the world had responded to the advice given by the great peacemakers, of whom one of the greatest was Einstein! Nonetheless, their labors have not been in vain. World leaders today acknowledge that the ultimate solution lies in the establishment of world government—perhaps sooner rather than later.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 11, 12, 8, 13, 7, 9, 3, 6, 1, 4, 10, 2.

USA

Continued from page 21

brisk, bluff, common, and semiliterate. The chapter headings are equally revelatory: "Do You Suffer from Shoulditis?," "Can You Give Yourself Away?," "How Not to Collide with Ourselves," and similar little gems of popular psychologizing.

The perfectionist personality is certainly a clinical problem in modern society, but a book of this sort can do little if anything to relieve it. Moreover, since the author is partial to Jungian and Adlerian psychology—while almost totally ignoring the influence of Freud—we find no examination of the unconscious pathological roots of the need for perfectionism.

Actually, some portions of the book are not so trashy as the jacket and chapter titles might indicate. Clark ardently attacks the whole "power of positive thinking" school, and has a few trenchant remarks to make about the dangers and fallacies in romantic love. For the publishers to state on the jacket cover, however, that "this wise and witty book" will somehow "increase your joy in life, reduce your tensions and hostilities," and "find new friends and new rewards in the real world around you" is the supreme irony of publishing—for Clark himself inveighs against this cheap sort of self-help promising in the body of the book.

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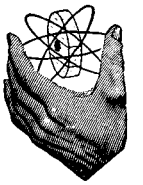

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXIII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Renaissance in the Southwest

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

ON MD OF CANADA

MD Publications, Inc. – the private empire that bought the services of Dr. Henry A. Welch with a quarter of a million dollars in sliding scale advertising and reprint fees while he was being paid a public salary to judge drugs as director of the Antibiotics Division of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration–is under criticism again, this time in Canada.

This criticism comes from Dr. John O. Godden, new Associate Editor of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal.*

In a letter published in the *CMAJ* issue of 27 May 1961, Dr. Godden explains that in 1959 he was invited, as a member of the medical faculty of Dalhousie University in Halifax, to serve on the editorial board of *MD of Canada. MD of Canada* is the Canadian edition of *MD*, a slick paper magazine printed in the United States and distributed to a selected list of physicians in this country through a controlled circulation system by MD Publications, Inc.

Dr. Godden accepted the invitation. But after reading the first two issues of *MD of Canada* he concluded, and so advised Dr. Felix Marti-Ibanez, publisher of the magazine and a professed owner of MD Publications, Inc., that "the . . . primary function of this publication is to sell medical advertising. As yet it does not serve a serious scientific or professional purpose. . . . Please define my contribution. . . . If it appears that I have no real function, then I should withdraw."

Dr. Marti-Ibanez replied that Dr. Godden's opinion of *MD of Canada* "is the very first one in all the years of our existence, first in the United States and now in Canada, that we have had along those lines." Nothing was said or done to define Dr. Godden's role.

In the summer of 1960, Dr. Godden became aware of *SR*'s reports on drug advertising abuses. He was shocked by the disclosure in these columns of the conflict of interest between Dr. Welch's public and private employments. He was dismayed by the discovery that the private payments to Dr. Welch had been made through *Antibiotics and Chemotherapy* and *Antibotic Medicine and Clinical Therapy,* two magazines in the chain to which *MD of Canada* belonged. Finally, Dr. Godden was distressed by unanswered questions about the identity of the MD Publications, Inc., owners who were using his name on the masthead of *MD of Canada.*

In the autumn of 1960, Dr. Godden therefore went to New York to discuss the matter with Dr. Marti-Ibanez face to face. The conversation was inconclusive. On 1 May 1961, Dr. Godden again wrote to Dr. Marti-Ibanez:

"I have been a member of your editorial board for more than a year and have not been asked to advise on, review, or edit any material. What function, then, do I, as a physician, serve on your editorial board?

• • • •

"The printed record of the Kefauver Committee hearings . . . [in the U. S. Senate] includes a statement by Dr. Henry Welch to the effect that MD Publications is owned by yourself and two other parties. The record also carries the quotation from you indicating that you do not consider the identity of these owners to be a public matter. I am not sure I understand why the information should not be public knowledge. In any case, I question whether the information should be denied to members of the editorial board of *MD.*

"I am sure you are aware of the several reports on the drug situation written by John Lear, Science Editor of the Saturday Review in New York. These reports have suggested that MD's ownership may be related to the McAdams Advertising Agency through Dr. Arthur Sackler. . . . The printed record of the Kefauver Committee hearing . . . shows Dr. Sackler to be editor of one of the journals owned by MD Publications at the same time that Dr. Sackler was a key official in McAdams. This dual position can hardly be reassuring to the many physicians who fear growing drug company domination of medical practice. Why were you, as one of the owners of MD Publications, willing to agree to give Dr. Sackler an editorial position while he held such a prominent place in the most powerful advertising agency in the drug field?

• • • •

"If you are unable to give me a satisfactory reply in the near future (May 15, 1961) I will feel free to take such action as is necessary to clear myself."

One week later, Miss Verna Sabelle, executive assistant to Dr. Marti-Ibanez, replied: "If your decision is to resign from the Editorial Board of *MD of Canada,* kindly let us know and we shall remove your name . . ."

Dr. Godden resigned at once and wrote the letter to *CMAJ* "to make it clear to my fellow physicians why I must dissociate myself unmistakably from the publication *MD of Canada.* . . . It should disturb us that the identity and motives of its owners are unknown, even after Senate inquiry. What forces move behind this expensive and casually impressive screen called *MD of Canada?*

• • • •

"Are only those physicians being 'used' who are actually employed by such paramedical publications or who sit on the dummy editorial boards? If *MD* and *MD of Canada* are the kinds of journals I take them to be, this question must be faced by every member of the U. S. and Canadian editorial boards . . .

"If the highest standard of professional conduct needs to be urged on other than ethical grounds, the physician can reflect that he will only deserve public support for his plea for continued professional freedom in the future if he proves, individually and as a member of organized medicine, that he is worthy of public trust now." —JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Few scientists write formulae for man's tomorrows in letters as large as those of Lloyd Viel Berkner, intellectual father of the International Geophysical Year. Berkner drafted the scheme of military technology on which NATO rests. He outlined the system of Science Attaches employed by the Department of State to hold America abreast of discovery abroad. He proposed the Federal Department of Science that has been debated in Congress for the last five years. He sat on the Science Advisory Committee of President Eisenhower, and headed the seismic study panel that opened the first realistic path toward atomic peace. He ran Associated Universities, the Ivy League combine responsible for Brookhaven Laboratory, from 1950 to 1960. He currently chairs the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences. On this and following pages he tells of the latest and most fundamental of all his missions: organization of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest. The immediate purpose of the Center is to restore the pride of an intellectually backward region. Through that restoration certainly will come a new dignity and responsibility for the working of democracy.

RENAISSANCE IN THE SOUTHWEST

Science Brews New Respect for the Intellect on a By-passed Frontier

By LLOYD V. BERKNER

PRIOR to the year 1930, graduate education was required primarily to satisfy the intellectual needs of the scholar and the teacher who would explore abstruse nooks of human knowledge. Even in the 1930's, the impact of the doctor of learning on the affairs of the community and the nation was remote. A few such men, dubbed egg-heads, were noticeable in Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration to the amusement of the nation, and some few scientists were recognized as contributors of ideas that had benefited mankind generally. But as late as the 1930's, the main stream of thought in industry, defense, and government flowed in the same "practical" channel it had followed through the ages.

But the makings of a mighty change were at hand. The principles of relativity and quantum mechanics, known for a generation, slowly absorbed and synthesized scattered ideas of the preceding three centuries of objective science to give us an entirely new grasp of physical reality. The new philosophy invaded every field of human endeavor. In World War II man demonstrated power to command nature to do things that would have been incomprehensible before. And in the ensuing decade the atomic bomb, the jet plane, the rocket, the electronic computer, and space flight have become commonplace.

These explosive developments have set the stage for even more spectacular developments in the 1960s. Immediately ahead of us, in clear sight, are unlimited and cheap long-distance communication, entirely new sources of electric power derived more efficiently without rotating machinery, structural materials radically different from those we have depended on since Babylonian times, planetary exploration with its implications of opportunity to examine life under a radically different evolutionary ecology, and a biochemical/mechanical understanding of all living organisms including man.

There is hardly anything that man has done that the new science cannot tell us how to do better. We are, therefore, in the beginning of a revolution in the character of industry. Technology emergent from the new science is replacing the primitive empirical knowledge of the "practical" man. Before, the need for men of the doctoral level of intellectual development was not apparent in day-to-day life of the community; the requirement for men of great intellectual skill has become obvious to all since the triumphant Russian launching of Sputnik I on October 4, 1957. The sudden appointment of a science advisor to the President of the United States signified the realization that the old "practical" approach was no longer sufficient for a people's safety and welfare.

I would emphasize that this demand for men at the post-doctoral level is not just a whim of competitive industry for more power. The need reflects a change of very deep social significance. As industry moves rapidly into the new technological phase, older industries that continue to depend on the practical experience of earlier centuries become shallow and ineffective. Those industries must gradually, and sometimes not so gradually, give way to new processes, new materials, new methods, new products. It is significant that more than thirty "blue chips" of thirty years ago have since disappeared from the stock market.

Naturally, the new industry springs up in the geographic regions where men of the most suitable intellectual backgrounds are available. As Dr. Ronald McFarlan, past president of the Institute of Radio Engineers, recently remarked:

"Large concentrations of able academic scientists and engineers placed in geographical proximity with their equally able industrial counterparts can produce very rapid economic growth in the areas concerned. One has only to look at the Boston-New York-Philadelphia electronic axis, or at its San Francisco-Los Angeles counterpart to substantiate this statement."

Another characteristic of the new industry bears on the problem of social change. Technological industry em-

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—Blackstone Studios.

Master spirit of hope for the wasteland: Lloyd V. Berkner.

ploys men of higher skills to supervise more efficient methods and processes. Consequently we hear of technological unemployment. I would make this point:

As the new technological industry takes over, the technological unemployment will become chronic and endemic in those geographical regions where education fails to provide the brain power to develop new technological opportunities for employment.

With the population explosion massing people in the cities, only those regions will be economically healthy that have the intellectual power to exploit the new science and the consequent industry. Most certainly, those regions that fail intellectually will fail economically and become chronically poor and colonial to the intellectually advanced regions. This is the social certainty that the technological revolution of our century has made clear.

No longer is the doctor of learning a mere intellectual curiosity; his brains are essential to the economic and social health of the community. Every man who is not educated to the full extent of his creative ability is to the community a loss in terms of unemployment, of poverty, of human rights and lost opportunity. Higher learning therefore can no longer be solely an objective of the individual spirit. Education at the doctoral level of learning and higher is now a community necessity for all who have the capacity to achieve it.

Well, you may say, does this not degrade the very purpose of learning?

I think, on the contrary, the stature of learning is elevated by this new atmosphere for the intellect. Where man previously subsisted at a low level by elementary and brutal methods of the muscle, he is now challenged to make his brain his centre of living. The whole community must depend on scholarly accomplishment. To me, this seems the highest form of intellectual achievement.

The powerful flow of philosophic thought of our century attests to the advance of man's intellect in this new atmosphere. If, at the moment, man seems in deeper trouble than ever before, it is because the defects of his earlier philosophy, reflected in the mirror of more advanced learning, face him with his real alternatives.

WHERE does the vast region of the Southwest (and here I mean the states of Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas) fit in this new dynamism?

In the forty-eight United States, we produce about 9,000 Ph.D's annually, about 790 of those in engineering and about half the remainder in science. By regions, this total broke down as follows in 1957-58, the latest year for which figures are available.

Region	*Numbers*	*Percent*
Northeast	3299	39
North	3055	36
Far West	1257	14
Southeast	519	6
Southwest	417	5
	8547	100

About 4500 of these 9,000 Ph.D's, who must do our most significant scientific work, come from seven states:

State	*Number*	*Per million population*
New York	1299	84
California	845	81
Illinois	722	83
Massachusetts	577	127
Pennsylvania	468	43
Michigan	439	73
Indiana	415	85

These seven states produce, for each million of population, about eighty-two Ph.D's each year. The national average is forty-eight. The average for the six Southwestern states, I suppose because of their later emergence as states, is twenty-two. Here are the figures by states:

State	*Number*	*Per million popuation*
Texas	215	23
Louisiana	92	30
Oklahoma	71	31
New Mexico	16	19
Arkansas	14	8
Arizona	9	8

The rate of achievement of learning at the doctoral level in the Southwest is therefore far below the national average and almost negligible when compared to the ten leading states.

Of course, you may say, the young men and women from the Southwestern states go outside for doctoral training, and some do. But statistics of the National Science Foundation show that less than 1,000 of the Ph.D's graduated from all universities each year attend universities more than 500 miles from their homes. Other statistics of the National Research Council and of the National Science Foundation show that less than half as many intellectually qualified high school graduates from the Southwest reach the doctoral degree as do high school graduates in the Northeast, the North or the Far West. So we in the Southwest have a huge reservoir of talented young men and young women who could be trained to turn science to the advantage of the Southwestern community.

Now graduate education is inconceivable without extensive opportunity for

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research. Yet modern research facilities are costly. The university must somehow find the funds. For it cannot escape the responsibility.

Already the deficiency in graduate education and research opportunity has a direct reflection in the industrial status of the Southwest. Recent studies with which I have been associated have found that several industrial research laboratories had considered coming to the Southwest and then located in the Northeast or Far West. One industrial leader concerned in this reversal explained: "The industry of the Southwest is becoming shallow for lack of a suitable scientific and intellectual climate." Five more industrial research activities have been about to locate elsewhere, but may reconsider if they see a general surgence of graduate activity in the Southwest. Such laboratories are the seed from which new technological industry will rise.

Having become aware of this situation, community leaders and university educators of the Southwest are mobilizing to correct it. Their objective is to increase the number of doctoral degrees from Southwestern institutions from the present total of a little more than 400 per year to some number like 2,000 per year in a period of fifteen years—let us say by the year 1975. Advanced education in the Southwest would then be brought more nearly, though not yet completely, in line with the North, Northeast, and Far West.

TO accomplish this purpose, it is proposed to undertake simultaneously all of those measures that experience in other regions has shown necessary to attract and retain capable scientists and technologists. As a focus of action, the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest has been incorporated as a nonprofit institution under a charter from the state of Texas. A campus site has been chosen between Dallas and Fort Worth. Ground will be broken in the autumn of 1961, and half a dozen or more buildings should be up within the succeeding three years. During the present formative period, the Center is headquartered as a guest of Southern Methodist University, which is now in the process of creating a Graduate Research Center of its own. Indeed, it was SMU's experience that suggested the need for an invigorated regional atmosphere in which individual schools could find respect and encouragement for the intellect.

If the southwest is to have 2,000 doctoral graduates a year by 1975, there will first have to be some 6,000 or 7,000 doctoral candidates in residence at the graduate schools. Proper instruction of these young people will require some 1,500 professors on the doctoral graduate faculties of the region. All this must be entirely apart from the students and professors required to satisfy the needs for the master's degree and for other graduate and post-doctoral objectives. Nor can the liberal arts colleges be neglected.

How is this explosion of the mind to be controlled?

The Graduate Research Center of the Southwest has established a Division of University Cooperation to derive a regional plan from the individual fifteen-year plans of seventeen to twenty southwestern universities that are now expanding or are capable of expanding graduate education. Each of those universities will need to find means of acquiring research facilities and faculty for their own growth. It is the function of the University Cooperation Division of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest to aid in this search, and to cut red tape that now entangles interchange of faculty among the several schools.

Not all institutions will decide to participate to the same extent. An early problem, then, is to determine what is feasible for each individual school to undertake during the next decade. Such questions as these must be asked: What should the image of university "A" be five and fifteen years hence? What should be the evolution of emphasis in its proportion of graduate to undergraduate education? Into what areas of knowledge can university "A" reasonably extend its efforts in light of existing faculty skills at a rate that does not diminish the level of scholarship? What costs will be involved for faculty and facilities in each of the planned fifteen years, and what should be the logical origin of the needed support from private, state and federal sources?

SMU has almost completed a study of these questions to guide its new Graduate Research Center. Texas A. and M. has just announced a similar study, to cover the next year. Tulane, Texas Tech, Texas Christian, Oklahoma State, and the University of Oklahoma are among other schools that have committed themselves to participation in the regional scheme.

The key to this ideal of a modern renaissance is diversity, with each university and its contiguous community assuming responsibility within the framework of its own self-interest to fulfill its part in the regional plan. But within this framework of independence and diversity is the determination of the academic community to create the intellectual climate in the region that can benefit all.

I emphasize that this climate can exist only on a regional scale. After all, Harvard, with its world renowned distinction in learning, has risen in the midst of a strong intellectual atmosphere in the Northeast. I remind you that Harvard is surrounded by MIT, University of Massachusetts, Boston College, Boston University, Brown, Northeastern University, Radcliffe, Wellesley and Williams. Only a little further away are Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Penn State, Yale, New York University, Brooklyn Polytech, City College of New York, Stevens, Rutgers, Rensselaer and others.

IN the center of this whole complex in the Northeast is the Brookhaven National Laboratory, which, with its very advanced facilities, serves all the universities in the region. It provides to the faculties, and to distinguished scientists of industry, an opportunity for researches beyond the capabilities of their individual institutions.

The objective of Brookhaven is to supplement, not to duplicate, the research opportunities of the universities. Its purpose is to provide visiting faculties with facilities that are not available at their universities but are necessary to advancement of their research. Moreover, Brookhaven provides opportunity to attack long and difficult scientific problems continuously and with adequate staff and equipment.

In general, Brookhaven's specialized facilities are not suitable for any one university campus. Indeed, the great 33-billion volt nuclear particle accelerator is unique in the world. Its cost of $32 million is an investment requiring continuous operation to justify. Consequently, no one university could supply the very large staff of scientific specialists and operators who must work around the clock without completely warping its other educational activities. Such a facility would "run the university" rather than the university running the facility. As a cooperative venture, however, with a few faculty members from each of many universities, such a facility can be employed with efficiency. Brookhaven has become indeed a university for professors.

I have expatiated on the Brookhaven experience for two reasons. My first reason is familiarity. I was affiliated with Brookhaven—itself a university sponsored by nine northeastern universities—from 1950 until the end of 1960, when I accepted the presidency of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest. My second reason for detailing the Brookhaven operation is that the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest will include an elaboration of the Brookhaven idea adapted to the needs of the southwestern region.

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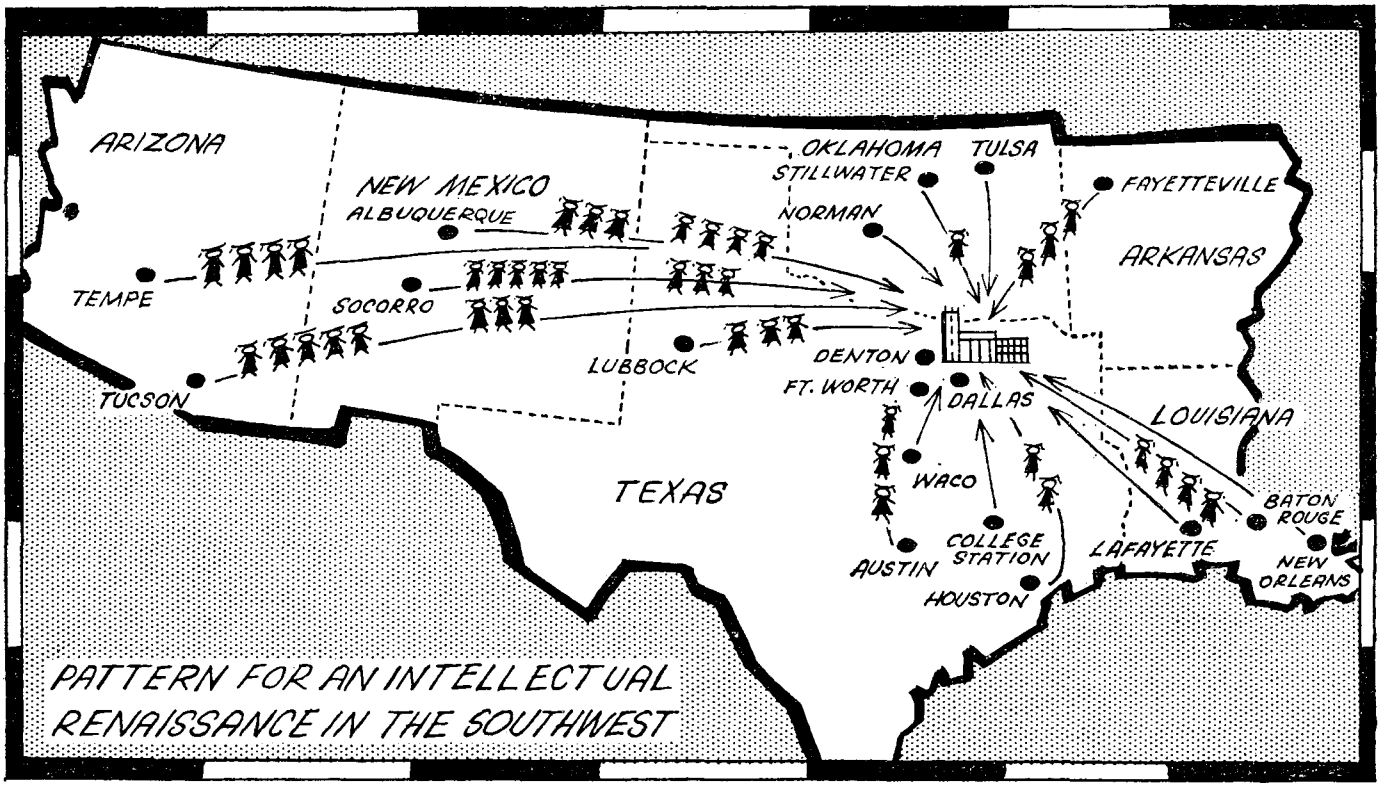

Alongside its Division of University Cooperation and linked closely to it, the Center will maintain a Central Research Facility for the purpose of conducting basic scientific research directed toward solution of problems in various areas of science not now well developed on the national scene. The Central Research Facility will consist of whatever number of divisions, departments or laboratories may prove to be appropriate. However, instead of following the traditional organizational pattern, with departments of physics, chemistry, biology, etc., the research objectives will be made the foci of organization, so that a department or a laboratory may embrace all or as many of the various disciplines of science as necessary to encompass the objective.

Among the initial working units of the Central Research Facility now being developed, for example, are:

A laboratory of all the sciences that bear upon an understanding of the Earth and the other planets of the solar system.

A laboratory that will bring together all available facts that might contribute to the creation of new materials.

A laboratory that will examine everything around us at the fundamental level of their constituent molecules.

A laboratory that will explore the knowns and unknowns of electronics and radiophysics.

Among the specialized research facilities will be a high-flux nuclear reactor to supply neutrons in support of many aspects of research in the region.

As a fully accredited academic institution, the Central Research Facility is assembling a permanent staff with the usually recognized titles of the academic heirarchy, commencing with Research Professor. Ranks of Research Professor and Associate Research Professor will automatically qualify for permanent tenure, and will be supported in that status by the permanent funds of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest.

THE Center must be qualified to grant but will not grant degrees. Research and training of advanced students will be done in close association with, and under the formal supervision of, those affiliated universities and institutions where the students are registered and from which they will receive degrees in recognition of their intellectual achievement.

To reinforce the cooperative effect, the Graduate Research Center will assume, as part of its regular operating budget, the costs of bringing a number of faculty members of affiliated universities and institutions into residence at the Central Research Facility for one or more years to carry on research. Such faculty members, when in residence at the Central Research Facility, will be designated as Visiting Professors or whatever lower rank corresponds to their current university appointments. This arrangement will permit the affiliated institutions to augment their faculties correspondingly over the visiting interval.

Simultaneously, an exchange will take place in the opposite direction. All faculty of the Central Research Facility will be expected to teach advanced courses of their choosing equivalent to at least three semester hours annually measured over any two or three years. Some of this teaching will take place at the Central Research Facility, the remainder at other universities of recognized standing. Usually the courses will be without cost to the universities concerned. When undertaking such teaching, the Central Research Facility faculty will be fully responsible to the host university for maintenance of academic standards of the course and related examinations.

An initial endowment of $20,000,000 is being sought to cover the cost of buildings plus operational expenses for the first five "founding" years of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest. Private sources with pride in the region and faith in its future are coming forward generously. Among the givers are industrialists and industries willing to guarantee the Center's financial independence in return for the contribution they know the objectivity and impartiality of an advanced academic institution will make to their own fortunes. In this connection, I should not neglect to point out that the Center is authorized to hold patents and issue license under such patents but is committed not to engage in commerce or manufacturing. Being dedicated to

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXIII

ENGINEER OF THE INTELLECT: JOHN ERIK JONSSON

He Designs Moneybags for the Superior Feeding of Brains

WHEN Erik Jonsson was a schoolboy in Montclair, N. J., he had to parse the following sentence in English class: "Doctor Holmes once said Boston is the hub of the universe." Because of the number of times the teacher asked him to parse it, he judged that the sentence must be the hub of her universe. And Erik's own view of the universe was that it ought to be kinder and send more customers to his father's cigar store.

As time passed and his perceptions sharpened, Erik saw that only part of the universe revolved around Boston. That that part was not the part for him became apparent in the early 1930s. He left the Northeast then because he loved life and wanted to be active. As he recalls it "the only people who were active there were the ones who were jumping out of windows of upper floors of high buildings."

Erik came to the Southwest and has stayed ever since because "the Southwestern people are my kind of people. They believe in the future even when they can't see the future very clearly."

As often happens with such men, the future has grown to accommodate Erik Jonsson. (He takes some accommodating, being well over six feet tall —the top of his head having risen through his hair to accent the impression of altitude—and broad in proportion.) In more than a manner of speaking, he has become the hub of a universe of his own. The size of this universe is difficult to measure, for it is constantly expanding. Contrary to the Biblical stricture, he seems able to add to its dimensions merely by thinking about it.

The Graduate Research Center of the Southwest serves well as an example of this growth phenomenon. Three years ago, more or less, it first became plain to him that oil and gas, though still plentiful in the ground beneath his feet, were finite in supply and the region had better begin to prospect its brains. Though he's never said as much, it takes no great feat of the imagination to suppose that the younger of his two sons, Kenneth, (departing from the mold set by the older brother and followed by a sister), shocked him by leaving his father's beloved Texas and going to California to get a job that challenged Kenneth's mind.

Whatever the details may have been, Erik Jonsson was at that moment president of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce. A discussion arose in a Chamber board meeting over ways and means of combating advertisements then appearing in Texas newspapers wooing Texas Ph.D's to intellectual compatibility elsewhere.

There were immediate proposals for direct action: Simply buy up all the available advertising space with Texas money. On longer deliberation, that course was seen to be self-defeating. Jonsson appointed a committee to consider the problem, and the committee came up with a scheme that called for Dallas industries to couple their research laboratory staffs into a kind of faculty for post-graduate education. Out of this came another plan for the industrialists to contribute to endowment of a Graduate Research Center at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. Jonsson laid down a chunk of his own money as a financial cornerstone for this institution, and used his influence as a mechanical engineer to get the advice of Dr. James R. Killian Jr., of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Dr. W. O. Baker, of Bell Laboratories. Killian and Baker both reminded Jonsson that he already had on the board of Texas Instruments (the prosperous electronics empire over which Jonsson presides) one of the boldest scientific innovators in America: Lloyd V. Berkner.

Berkner had been so occupied with the IGY and its after-math that Jonsson hadn't supposed him to be accessible, but that impression proved mistaken. Berkner acted with characteristic speed. Jonsson reacted even faster. After one exposure to Berkner's perspective, the Texas Instruments chief again moved the boundaries of his world outward to encompass a Graduate Research Center for the Southwest that would serve as a super-university —a university for professors—for the entire region from California's eastern border to the Mississippi River.

"NOT since discovery of the east Texas oil field have we enjoyed anything so stimulating to our future prosperity as the plans for the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest," Stanley Marcus, the famous merchant,

the increase of fundamental knowledge, it will, of necessity, move the practical by-products of its laboratories out into industry as rapidly as possible. Industry will share in the speedup of this process through association of its own scientists with the Center.

AT the end of the first five "founding" years, the Center should have earned its place in the region, and that place should justify the additional $40,000,000 endowment plus annual contributions estimated to be necessary for its continuance in perpetuity. By maintaining itself with a steady balance of thirty percent private funds and seventy percent research contract fees, the Center will be free to encourage financial support of its affiliated schools. For a successful regional renaissance, these affiliates will need nine dollars for every dollar invested in the Graduate Research Center itself.

The faculties of the affiliated schols naturally will wish to speak for themselves as to the degree of their individual participation, their choice of study areas, the objectives they prefer to pursue alone or in concert with groups of other schools. Their announcements will come in due time. Already, however, the climate is beginning to change in response to their initiative. Members of the regional governing board of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest will be announced on July 1. The first two laboratories of the Central Research Facility—labs for the study of

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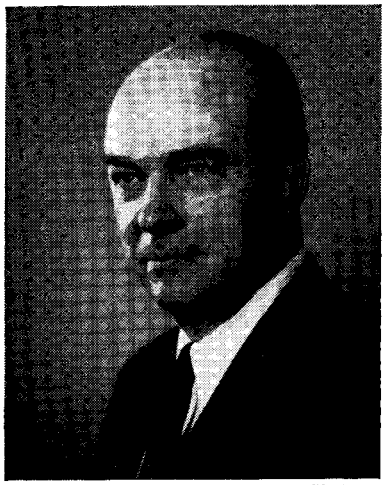

—*Gittings.*

John Erik Jonsson.

said in a recent conversation. "We owe it to the courage of Erik Jonsson."

Jonsson apparently had courage in his genes. If it has ever departed from him in his fifty-nine years of life, no one else is aware. Before he was old enough to understand the quality of this attribute, he moved with his parents from his birthplace in Brooklyn to Montclair after one of his father's chain of three cigar stores burned in a ruinous fire. It proved impossible to recoup the loss in another store near the Montclair railroad station. Consequently, Erik always had to scrape for pocket money. Like many boys in similar circumstances, he peddled newspapers and magazines, shoveled snow, picked cherries, delivered groceries. But the income from those chores was too scanty for his needs, and he sought a higher return on his investment of himself. A mechanical bent led him to a garage, the garage introduced him to engines, the engines carried him into taxicab driving, driving others taught him the joy of riding the open road, the road beckoned him onto a motorcycle, and the purchase of a motorcycle for $150 launched him into the art of trading when he was thirteen years old. The associated art of budgeting he perfected through such small matters as adjusting the cycle's carburetor whenever the sun was obscured by clouds.

In his eagerness to obtain the benefits of technology, Eric neglected the science behind it. And when the moment came for fulfilment of a dream to write, he couldn't get into journalism class at Columbia University for lack of credits in physics, chemistry, solid geometry and trigonometry. By an heroic reversal of logic that professional educators may have difficulty in explaining, he got into Rensellaer Polytechnic Institute without those qualifications and completed the four-year course in mechanical engineering in three years time.

Having had no schooling in prophecy, Jonsson could not at the time see the next eight years as years of waiting for the dawn of a new age that would welcome his peculiar talent. He saw only that the atmosphere around him was continually cold and bleak and grey. He worked in an aluminum rolling mill, made radios from parts at home, sold motor cars. Nothing he turned to gave him a good living. As much out of desperation as anything else (for he had married a pretty girl from Mobile meanwhile, acquired two sons, and taken over the support of his parents), he finally succumbed in 1930 to what everybody else thought were transparent blandishments of his wife's cousin's husband, a Texan named J. C. Karcher.

Karcher had a gadget that he claimed could determine with scientific accuracy where beneath the ground a man could find oil. It was a secret gadget, and Jonsson's job was to buy the necessary parts and put them together in a couple of rooms above a garage in Newark.

To the deep disgust of the scoffers, the gadget worked. It picked up sound waves coming back through the earth from precisely timed and measured explosions on the surface. The waves could be mapped, and from the maps the existence of salt domes could be determined. Salt domes often are bounded by oil and gas. The gadget had been discerning enough to locate submarines in the water during World War I. Karcher, a veteran of the U.S. Bureau of Standards, was merely exploiting scientific discoveries with the financial backing of the later Everett De Golyer and the technical aid of Eugene McDermott. For men of courage, it was a sure thing. And in four years time Jonsson moved on from the little assembly depot in Newark to the Karcher-De Golyer-Mc Dermott headquarters in Dallas: Geophysical Services, Inc.

IN the standard terms of established technology, the record of contemporary engineering lists no major contributions opposite Jonsson's name. His pioneering has been done in a new sort of financial planning tuned to the explosive expansion of modern science. The Texas Instruments firm is a living case study of the method. It long ago outgrew the backstreet laboratory of Geophysical Services. During World War II, the U.S. Navy bought more than a million dollars worth of its electronic instruments. By 1960, the TI turn-over hit $233,000,000. The system (for it is a system, as meticulously thought out and blue printed as a municipal aqueduct) is now the subject of periodic lectures that Jonsson (a member of the visiting committee of Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration) gives by invitation to big business executive groups.

Generalists like himself can emerge only from the rough-and-tumble of a democratic society, Jonsson is persuaded, and democracy can survive only if there is a lively prodding of imagination in the schools. He looks back over his life and wonders how much further he might have stretched his own mind if he had not needed to cut studies to earn a living. Even with his grand scheme for the Southwest, he finds time to plan financing for growth of Renssalaer, Skidmore College (his daughter's alma mater), the Hockaday primary school in Dallas, and the Dallas Pilot Institute for the Deaf.

—J.L.

geophysics and of new materials—soon will be brought into existence in rented quarters in Dallas to work on fulfilment of contract research.

The scope of problems ahead must not be underestimated. With the Northeast and the Far West already well established in their thirty-year lead, Southwesterners of the highest capability will inevitably be under strong compulsion to migrate to where their talents might perhaps receive more sympathetic attention. Yet one cannot underestimate the spirit of an aroused community.

I HAVE based my discussion of the importance of the Graduate Research Center of the Southwest solely on regional self interest. An equally compelling argument could be made in the national interest, involving the competition of our system of free enterprise in the cold war. The United States cannot meet the challenge of communism with educational opportunities for only half of its people in only three regions of the country: the Northeast, the North and the Far West.

Totalitarian endeavor to smother us through a scientific suzerainty cannot be permitted. This challenge is an intellectual one, to determine who best can advance human thought and turn it to the benefit of the community. I am happy to say that I believe that the Southwest is about to rise to this challenge of the advantages that flow from the command of ideas.

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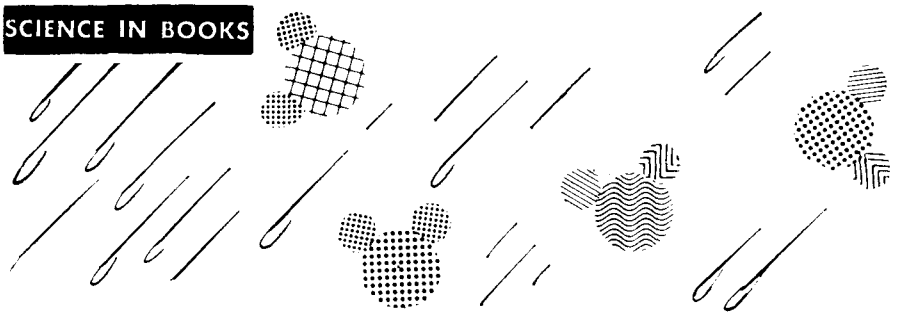
SCIENCE IN BOOKS



JUST PLAIN

It's a Fascinating

YOU were literally born of water. For nine prenatal months you swam in it, in the dark warmth of your mother's womb. And if you consider your life as physical process, the whole of it from birth to death may be described with fair accuracy as a flesh-banked and-shoaled stream of water. Every living cell in your body has a fluid interior, a vital solution of various substances in water. Your blood is more than nine tenths water. Your kidneys are sometimes as much as 82 per cent water. Your muscles average 75 per cent water. Your liver is 69 per cent water. Even your bones, your living bones, are 22 per cent water. All in all, you as physical entity are at this moment about 71 per cent water by weight—and this water, evaporating and flowing from the surface of your body, breather out as vapor on your breath, must be continuously replenished if you are to remain alive.

But though such considerations convince you that water is an important substance and (in terms of history) an interesting one, they can hardly convince you that it is *unusual.*

The chemical formula of water is H_2O. Since each water molecule consists of two hydrogen atoms combined with one atom of oxygen, water is similar in its molecular structure to substances whose formulae are H_2Te (Te for tellurium), H_2Se (Se for selenium), and H_2S (S for sulfur). It would be expected that H_2Te, the heaviest of the four substances, would have the highest boiling and freezing points while H_2O, the lightest of the four, would have the lowest. Sure enough, H_2Te, with a molecular weight of 129, boils at −4° C. and freezes at −51° C. H_2Se, with a weight of 80, boils at −42° C. and freezes at −64° C. H_2S, with a weight of 34, boils at −61° C. and freezes at −82° C. On this scale, H_2O, which has a molecular weight of 18, should freeze at about −100° C. and boil at about −80° C. Instead, as we know, the respective points are 0° C. and 100° C.!

Nor is this the only remarkable thing about water.

Consider, for example, the fact that ice floats. It is an amazing fact when you compare it with the behavoir of almost any other substance.

The general rule is that a substance, whether solid or liquid or gaseous, contracts or shrinks in volume as it is cooled. Nor is water an exception over a wide range of temperature; as its temperature is lowered from 100° C., where it condenses from steam, to 4° C., it steadily shrinks in volume. But then, all at once, there is a startling reversal of form: instead of further contracting as the temperature is gradually lowered from 4° toward the freezing point, water gradually expands. It grows less dense, a unit volume of it weighing less at 3° than at 4°, still less at 2°, and so on in steady decline until 0° C. is reached. At that point, the expansion is abrupt and drastic. Water, as it congeals into ice, adds about one eleventh to its liquid volume.

On the whole this peculiarity of water is extremely fortunate for mankind and for all life, since, among other things, it prevents a permanent locking up of a large part of the earth's water in a form unavailable to living creatures. Think what would happen if ice were heavier than liquid water. Lakes and streams and seas would freeze from the bottom up as their temperature went below 0° C.; they would become solid blocks of ice, the great bulk of which would remain unmelted during the summer months in temperate climates. And indeed, the whole pattern of climate and weather as we know it would be sadly deranged. There would be much less evaporation of water and therefore much less precipitation as rain or snow; there would be much more icy weather over the earth's face. The whole moderating effect of liquid water and water vapor on climate and weather would be drastically reduced.

This effect is very great. It can be indicated by reference to a desert region. At midday, a sky of brass casts down a withering blast of heat, augmented by reflection from sands hot enough to fry eggs. But at midnight there is bone-chilling cold. By then the sands are drained of heat. Responsible for this variation is the fact that the desert air is as empty of water in vapor form as the landscape is of water to drink. Where water is present, it not only feeds vapor into the air but also soaks up the midday heat for release into the night's chill air, moderating the temperatures in its vicinity. For water — and this is another element of its unusualness — has a truly remarkable *heat capacity:* it can absorb a great deal of heat without itself becoming (relatively) much warmer. The same amount of solar energy falling upon equal volumes of water and sand will increase the temperature of the sand five times as much as it does the temperature of the water.

But the peculiarities of water are not limited to its heat relations. Equally remarkable and important to living processes is the fact that water, of all natural substances, comes closest to being the universal *chemical solvent.* Almost any substance can be dissolved in water.

Here we must define terms. The three forms or types of water—the solid, the liquid, the gaseous—are phases of water, a "phase" being a part of a system which is homogeneous and separated from other parts at physical boundaries. A *solution* is a phase consisting of two or more substances, one of which contains the others and is called the *solvent* of them. The dissolved substances, distributed evenly throughout the solvent, are called *solutes.* A mixture of oil and water is not a solution because it is not homogeneous: it consists of two phases, one being the droplets of oil, the other the body of water in which the droplets are suspended. A mixture of common table salt (sodium chloride, NaC) and water, on the other hand, is a solution because it is homogeneous: the salt crystals are separated for the most part into tiny electrically charged particles called "ions,' which are evenly distributed throughout the H_2O, and the two chemically different substances form a single physical phase.

And water, we stress, stands alone in its capacity as chemical solvent. About half the known chemical elements — many of them in abundance, some of them only in traces—have been found dissolved in natural waters. Every lake and stream in nature is a solution, and the oceans of the world are enormous and quite concentrated aqueous solutions of literally thousands of substances in ionic form, metals as well as non-

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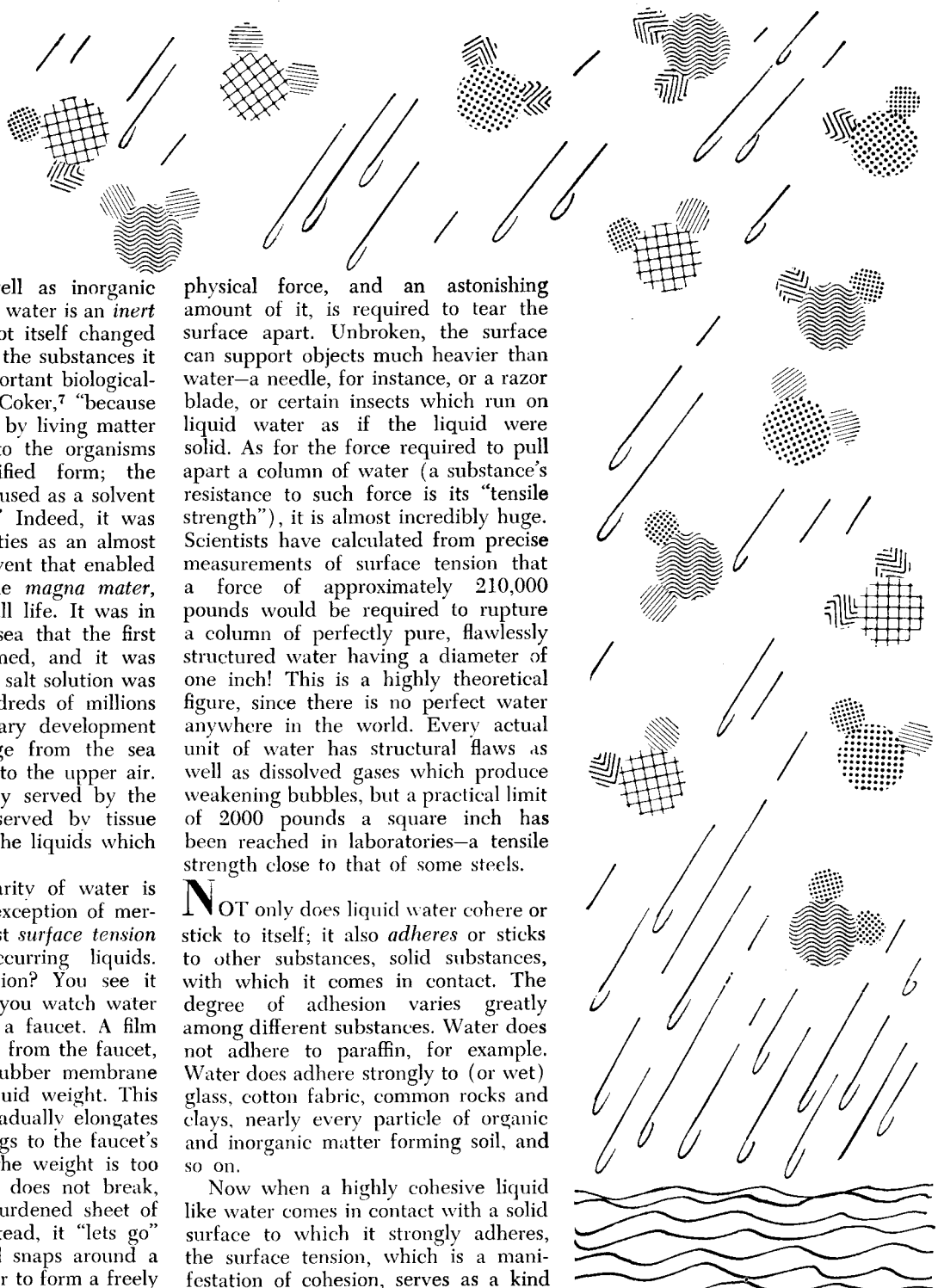
WATER

Liquor



metals, organic as well as inorganic compounds. Moreover, water is an *inert* solvent in that it is not itself changed chemically by most of the substances it dissolves. "This is important biologically," writes Robert E. Coker,[7] "because the materials required by living matter . . . can be delivered to the organisms in relatively unmodified form; the water itself . . . can be used as a solvent over and over again." Indeed, it was water's unique properties as an almost universal and inert solvent that enabled the sea to become the *magna mater,* or Great Mother, of all life. It was in the salt bath of the sea that the first living cells were formed, and it was only when the needed salt solution was internalized after hundreds of millions of years of evolutionary development that life could emerge from the sea onto solid land and into the upper air. The functions formerly served by the sea were thereafter served by tissue fluids, blood plasma, the liquids which flow in cell interiors.

Yet another peculiarity of water is that, with the single exception of mercury, it has the highest *surface tension* of all commonly occurring liquids. What is surface tension? You see it manifested whenever you watch water slowly dripping from a faucet. A film of water slowly bulges from the faucet, as if it were a thin rubber membrane stretching under a liquid weight. This membrane-like film gradually elongates as its upper edge clings to the faucet's rim until, suddenly, the weight is too great. The membrane does not break, however, as an overburdened sheet of rubber might do. Instead, it "lets go" of the faucet rim and snaps around a small quantity of water to form a freely filling drop which, as you doubtless have observed and possibly wondered about, is alway almost spherical.

What you witness here is one example of water's abnormally strong tendency to "stick to itself" and "pull itself together," or to *cohere;* the water dripped from a faucet can most closely pull itself together by becoming a sphere, the sphere being of all possible shapes the one having the least surface for a given volume.

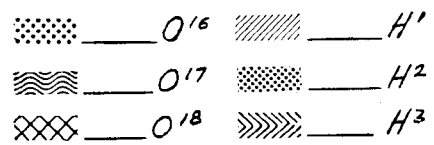
By cohesion, a tension is created at the water's surface in the sense that physical force, and an astonishing amount of it, is required to tear the surface apart. Unbroken, the surface can support objects much heavier than water—a needle, for instance, or a razor blade, or certain insects which run on liquid water as if the liquid were solid. As for the force required to pull apart a column of water (a substance's resistance to such force is its "tensile strength"), it is almost incredibly huge. Scientists have calculated from precise measurements of surface tension that a force of approximately 210,000 pounds would be required to rupture a column of perfectly pure, flawlessly structured water having a diameter of one inch! This is a highly theoretical figure, since there is no perfect water anywhere in the world. Every actual unit of water has structural flaws as well as dissolved gases which produce weakening bubbles, but a practical limit of 2000 pounds a square inch has been reached in laboratories—a tensile strength close to that of some steels.

NOT only does liquid water cohere or stick to itself; it also *adheres* or sticks to other substances, solid substances, with which it comes in contact. The degree of adhesion varies greatly among different substances. Water does not adhere to paraffin, for example. Water does adhere strongly to (or wet) glass, cotton fabric, common rocks and clays, nearly every particle of organic and inorganic matter forming soil, and so on.

Now when a highly cohesive liquid like water comes in contact with a solid surface to which it strongly adheres, the surface tension, which is a manifestation of cohesion, serves as a kind of membrane by which the body of the liquid is (so to speak) taken hold of and lifted by the adhesive force. This phenomenon, which is of major biological importance, is known as "capillary action" or "capillarity." It has much to do with the circulation of water in the soil, of vital solutions through the roots and stems of plants, and of blood through the human body.

—KENNETH S. DAVIS
AND JOHN ARTHUR DAY
in "Water: The Mirror of Science"
(Doubleday-Anchor, $.95)

SUPPOSEDLY PLAIN WATER is, in reality, a most complicated chemical compound. Eighteen different combinations of isotopes are in it. They are symbolized in the shower of rain that begins at the top of the opposite page and ends above. In key below, H is hydrogen, O is oxygen, numbers are atomic weights.



—Doug Anderson, after the book.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Armour.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Sometimes onto frontiers that were explored in the past and abandoned as unfruitful. One of these is the region that holds the secrets of conduction of electricity through living things. Half a century ago a great surge of brainpower directed itself at the photosynthetic process through which the energy of sunlight is captured and converted into growth by trees and other green plants. Some discoveries were made, but no one was able to break through the tangle of unknowns, and interest faded.

Then came the unexpected development of solid state physics. Semi-conduction, the halfway state between free flow of electric current and no flow at all, became a familiar path of research. The transistor appeared as a sturdy and incredibly small competitor of the more temperamental vacuum tube. A rush for semi-

JAMES J. BROPHY
Armour Research Foundation

ONE of the physical forces that holds an atom together is the electrical attraction between positively charged protons in the atomic nucleus and negatively charged electrons orbiting at discrete distances outside the nucleus.

When atoms of a metal, such as silver or copper, come together to form a solid, they are bound by interactions among the outermost electrons of the atoms. As a result of this binding, the outer electrons lose their identification with the particular atoms of their origin. These electrons join the solid as a whole and are thereafter free to wander through the structure. When an external force such as an electrical voltage is applied to the metal, the wanderers are hurried in their motion and made to constitute an electric current. Metals are good conductors of electricity precisely because they contain so many free electrons. A cubic centimeter of copper for example, contains approximately 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 such wanderers. Copper also contains twenty-eight times as many other electrons, but these are tightly bound to their individual atoms.

In other inorganic solids, such as glass or common table salt, atoms are bound together much differently than are the atoms of the metals. All the electrons, even the outermost ones of each atom, are tightly bound to their individual atoms. No electrons are available to move in response to an electric force. Hence the solid does not conduct electricity, and is called an insulator.

In a relatively few inorganic substances, notably silicon and germanium, an intermediate type of binding occurs. The result is a situation halfway between the above two extremes. The binding electrons are more or less constrained to their own atoms, but are relatively easily encouraged to join the entire crystal. Heat energy, for example, can excite such electrons to conducting states, so that at room temperature approximately 10,000 000, 000, 000 free electrons exist in a cubic centimeter of germanium. These enable much better electrical conductivity than in an insulator yet much poorer than in a metal simply on the basis of the number of electrons available. Therefore germanium and similar materials are called semiconductors.

Because the number of free electrons in a semiconductor is small at most, the semiconducting substance must be far purer than a metal or an insulator in order to work. In compensation for this disadvantage is a great advantage: The very smallness of their number makes the behavior of the electrons in a semiconductor susceptible to major change through minor manipulation. Power can be amplified quickly and sharply when summoned in emergency. Sunlight can be converted into current to run a radio to broadcast information from interplanetary space to Earth. Or, conversely, a tiny amount of electricity can run a terrestrial refrigerator.

Atoms of different elements can be introduced into the semiconducting substance to permanently change the number of current carriers. For example, an atom of arsenic, which has one more outer electron than germanium, donates this extra electron to the solid. When the arsenic atom is substituted for a germanium atom, this electron is free to act as a current carrier. So the conductivity of this chemically-doped germanium can be adjusted by subtle degrees through introduction of particular numbers of arsenic atoms.

Science now has a detailed understanding of the conduction processes in inorganic semiconductors. It is known, for instance, that in pure germanium, when a free electron is promoted to a conducting state by light or heat, it leaves behind a vacancy, or hole, in the normal electronic structure. Other electrons in the germanium can jump into this vacancy. The jumping becomes a flow, and the flow is current moving in one specified direction. Semiconductors conveying negative flow are called n-type semiconductors.

It turns out that the holes can also move through the semiconducting solid. They behave as positive electric charge carriers. Semiconductors conveying positive flow are called p-type semiconductors.

Just as extra electrons can be added to an n-type semiconductor, so extra holes can be introduced into a p-type semiconductor. For example, an atom of boron has one less outer electron than germanium. If boron is added to germanium, the boron atom will borrow that electron from the germanium atom. This, of course, leaves another free hole.

Understanding of these mechanisms has led to development of a number of new semiconducting materials through combination of different kinds of atoms into compounds. Gallium arsenide is a well-known one. A combination of the metals gallium and arsenic, it has properties quite similar to those of silicon and germanium.

Hundreds of such compounds have been synthesized and examined. But the semiconductor remains much less versatile than scientists concerned with it think it could be. Big chemical companies have become interested in the prospect of diversifying the possibilities. And they have applied to the problem their vast experience with organic substances—the myriads of compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Man is a conglomeration of these compounds. Wood also is organic. So are plastics. Consider the range of mechanical properties that plastics have. They can be made hard like a telephone, soft like a squeeze bottle, or flexible like a sweater. Suppose this same variety could be obtained in electrical properties of organic semiconductors!

Research into organic semiconductor principles actually began half a century ago. It was directed toward discovery

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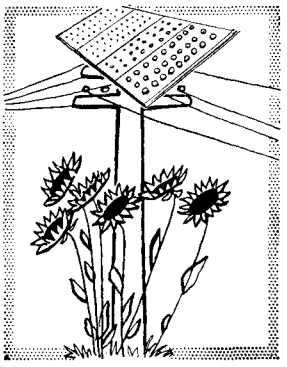
. . . the electricity of life

conducting substances followed. Market projections for such materials during the period ending with the year 1970 rose to $35-40 million a year. Proferred prices reached hundreds of dollars per pound.

All the known semi-conductors were inorganic. Could organics—the countless familiar compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—possibly help to supply the exploding demand?

In 1959, almost totally ignorant of the way in which electricity travels through organic substances, big chemical companies in search of profits joined university scientists in search of knowledge on the old frontier where the light of the sun strikes the Earth and somehow turns green and grows. On 18 April 1961, their findings were reported at a symposium in Chicago sponsored by the Armour Research Foundation. Below Dr. James J. Brophy offers a synopsis.



—*Doug Anderson.*

of the secret of life. The photosynthetic process through which trees and plants convert sunlight into growth is a semiconducting process of some sort. But biologists who interested themselves in the mystery did not get very far very fast, and they lost the attention of the scientific community. More recently, the search has been renewed with more limited objectives. One hope is a cheaper supply of materials. Another is a lower requirement of purity. A third is simplification of fabrication.

IT is already clear that the conduction process in organic matter is not the same as the one that occurs in inorganic substances. Speaking in general, electrons move through organic solids a million times more slowly than they do through inorganics.

Up to this time, the most intensively studied organic semiconductor in anthracene ($C_6H_4 : (CH)_2 : C_6H_4$), a molecular crystal. That is to say, the atoms that make up anthracene are first bound into molecules and the molecules are then organized into a crystalline solid. Recent laboratory experiments at Du Pont and theoretical analysis at General Electric agree on the way that electrons progress through anthracene. The stage is set by the fact that the outer electrons of the outer atoms in each molecule are swinging out from the edges of the molecule and back again in a rhythmic pattern determined by quantum theory. When the molecules come together to form a solid, electrons swinging from one molecule sometimes swing onward to the next molecule and become part of it. Behaving thereafter like monkeys moving from tree to tree by way of overhanging branches, the electrons travel in three dimensions.

Anthracene is not the only molecular crystal shown to behave in this particular manner. Other Du Pont experiments and theoretical work at the University of Chicago support the conclusion that tetracyanoquinodimethane acts likewise. Thus there is reason to suppose that molecular crystals, of which there are about fifty in the organic realm, conduct electricity in roughly identical fashion. When the pattern of overlap of the outer electrons of the molecules of any one of these substances is known, the relative conducting efficiency of that substance can be predicted accurately.

However, not all organic substances are molecular crystals. Many more of them belong to the family of polymers, the most famous of which are the plastics. The electrical properties of some 150 different plastics have been measured at G-E and at Princeton University. In none of these has the rate of conduction been found to be as high as conduction in molecular crystals. The whole scheme of electron movement appears to be different. Whereas the flow of current carriers through inorganic semiconductors and organic molecular crystals is steady, the flow in plastics is intermittent. The picture is neither complete nor clear, but the available experimental evidence suggests that within the plastics the electrons hop from one molecule to another, spending considerable time in each molecule before making the next hop.

Although it is much too early to make a final declaration on the point, it seems fairly plain that organic substances must be fully as pure as inorganics in order to function effectively as semiconductors. One source of hoped-for economies from organic semiconductors is thus obliterated. And if organic semiconductors are going to be easier to fabricate than inorganics such as silicon and germanium, the reasons for the easement have not yet appeared.

On the basis of what is now known—again eschewing a categorical determination one way or another—an organic transistor seems unlikely. The chances are better for the ultimate perfection of power rectifiers, electronic coolers and photocells. This is fortunate for the continuance of research in the field, for these are some of the uses in which the chemical companies are deeply interested. Bulk sales of chemicals are the most profitable sales. What the chemical manufacturers would like to hear about is a new method for painting an organic chemical on a roof and, through the semiconduction of electrical current through the paint, collect enough energy from sunlight to heat the house. If, on the other hand, it were possible to paint a wall of a room and so cool the room electronically, that, too, would create a sizeable new market for organic semiconducting materials.

Bell laboratories is experimenting with synthesis of organic semiconducting substances to serve as substitutes for the neurons of the human nervous system. These may in time become components of small, inexpensive computing machines copied directly after the brain. Similar units have potential uses in medicine. Living cells are composed of organic chemicals and many life processes are known to be basically electrical in nature. Knowing the electrical behavior of organic materials will help to uncover the secrets of life. As was noted earlier here, chlorophyl, the substance responsible for food synthesis in plants is, in many respects, an organic semi-conductor.

The next three years ought to show how far the exploration can go. In preparation for that period, the Armour Research Foundation is now drafting a cooperative research project in which ten to fifteen industrial research laboratories will join. When the total annual cost of $150,000 is split equally among that number of participants, the cost to any one falls to $10,000 a year—a modest investment in the wonders of nature.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

FOR MIND READERS

YOUR EXCELLENT article of April 1, "A New Look at the Human Mind," has brought numerous inquiries from readers who would like more information about our January symposium "Man and Civilization: Control of the Mind."

This is to report that the proceedings of the symposium (which was organized and sponsored by the San Francisco Medical Center of the University of California with the generous assistance of the Schering Foundation) are being edited for book publication some months hence by McGraw-Hill. We will be glad to notify interested readers when the book is scheduled for release.

LOUIS BELL

San Francisco

INEFFECTIVE

THERE MAY or may not be a distinction between causal and cognitive determinism, as suggested by Duncan C. Blanchard (Letters to the Science Editor, May 6), but certainly there is one between *causal* and *casual* determinism, as someone at *SR* miserably failed to perceive.

This blooper is particularly interesting because it provides a complete reversal of the meaning intended by Blanchard. By definition, casual means "happening by chance," precisely the opposite of causal determination. Thus a shambles is made of Blanchard's reasoned argument by the mere transposition of the letter "s" and the letter "u."

NANCY GAYER

Los Angeles

UPRIGHT ADVERTISING

COMING RIGHT AFTER a beautiful full moon in the sky, it was nice to see your cover on the May 6 issue.

Astronomers both amateur and professional will recognize your picture as one of the best composites (light coming from both sides).

However, I can't help but wonder if some of your readers will not think that perhaps the Russian satellite that went around our moon might have turned it over.

Anyone interested in astronomy knows that an astronomical telescope inverts the image and that photographs taken through these telescopes are usually printed as they appear, upside down. The pictures on the cover and on page 61 will look OK to them. However, one unaccustomed to this situation should look at the Bell Telephone ad on page 60, where the moon, while not very clear, is at least right side up.

RICHARD P. TAPPENDEN

Cleveland, O.

HISTORY OF SCIENCE

WE WOULD APPRECIATE your calling the attention of your readers to the following:

The Xth International Congress of the History of Science will be held at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, from 26 August to 31 August 1962 and at The American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania from 31 August to 2 September 1962.

Communications on the following subjects are invited, and will be assigned to the appropriate sections:

I. General problems in the history of science; methods, philosophy and historiography of science
II. History of Technology and Applied Science
III. Science in Antiquity
IV. Science in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance
V. Mathematics and the Exact Sciences after 1600
   1. History of mathematics
   2. History of physics and astronomy
   3. History of chemistry (including pharmacy)
VI. Biological and Earth Sciences after 1600
   1. Natural history and biology (including medical biology)
   2. Geography, exploration, geology and oceanography
VII. Sciences of Man (psychology, anthropology, sociology, linguistics).

Oral presentation of these papers will be strictly limited to 15 minutes. An abstract, not to exceed 200 words, must be submitted in a clean typescript (suitable for reproduction) to the Secretary of the Congress no later than 1 May 1962. No paper may be read for the author *in absentia*. For publication in the *Actes* of the Congress, a finished typescript must be handed to the Secretary immediately after the session at which the paper is read. It must not exceed 1500 words in length. It is not necessary to present a paper in order to participate in the Congress.

DR. C. DORIS HELLMAN,
Secretary of the Congress
Cornell University

Ithaca, N.Y.

DISSENT

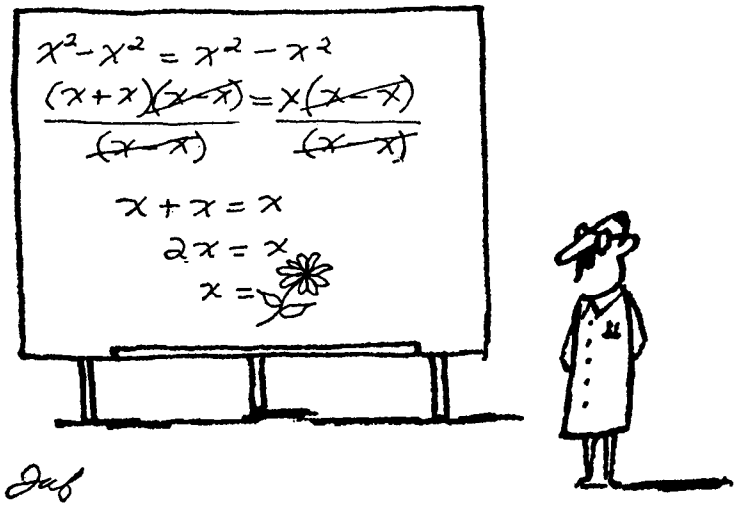
ON MANY PREVIOUS occasions I have had the impulse to write to you to express my appreciation for your contributions to my personal enjoyment and education, and to us humans in general. That this, my first actual letter should contain criticism is thus regrettable but my protest is in great part based upon the fact that you have led me to appreciate the value of facts and of good reporting. Deviation from such standards is therefore all the more disturbing to me.

Your "Letter from a Retired Drug Inspector," (S.R. Feb. 4, 1961) contains. . . . in "observations No. 1 and No. 3 and in "recommendations" No. 1 and No. 4, generalities which the author does not substantiate. I believe such statements are always dangerous, no matter who the source as no one is free from human bias.

Granting, however, that the author is entitled to his opinions, I am distressed by his and/or your unwillingness to endorse his opinions by his own signature; and I am particularly angered by your explanation that the name was "withheld to avoid possible retaliation." Your justification surely represents either a direct or implied slur against some part of our governmental system or against person(s) working within that system.

WORTH B. DANIELS, JR., M.D.

Baltimore, Md.



THE WHY OF PUGWASH

YOUR SECTION in *SR* is a godsend in that it enables me to have a vague idea of what my grandchildren are talking about.

Will you please tell me why the science conferences sponsored by the Ford Foundation are called "Pugwash"?

EDITH G. WALKER.

Virginia Beach, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *First of all, the Pugwash Conferences have never been sponsored by the Ford Foundation. In the beginning, they were supported financially by Cyrus Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist. Mr. Eaton was born in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, and made a meeting place available there. The conferences have been called the Pugwash Conferences ever since, even though they have been held in different parts of the world, including Moscow.*

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Dante

Continued from page 14

and assigned to him a particularly grotesque punishment in Hell.

But if the man was parochial, the artist was universal as only art can be. "The Divine Comedy" is a triumph of art over creed. And that triumph—to paraphrase terms that Dante himself might have used—arises from the force of the Esthetic Mysteries, which is to say, the power of form in the interplay of its structures and its levels of meaning.

The first obvious level, for example, is narrative: a travelogue. But that journey is through a country populated by second meanings. On one level Dante writes of Hell as a literal place of sin and punishment. The damned are there because they offended a theological system that enforces certain consequences of suffering. But part of that theological system has also decreed that salvation was available to all men. Christ in his ransom had procured endless mercy. One need only wish to be saved, need only surrender his soul to God in a last gasp of contrition, and he will be saved. He may have to suffer at length in Purgatory, but, once there, his place is reserved in Heaven and he will in time arrive there. Purgatory is like our modern colleges: no one can flunk out of them.

IT follows, then, that the only way to get into Hell is to insist upon it. One must deliberately exclude himself from grace by hardening his heart against it. Hell is what the damned have actively and insistently wished for.

Thus, allegorically, Hell is the true goal of the damned. On the surface the state of the sinners is described in terms of sin. The wonder and the universality of it is that a reader who does not care for those terms may restate them in terms of behavior, and the "Inferno" remains entirely coherent as a dramatic treatise on self-destructive behavior. Like addicts, the damned both hate and love their self-destruction. "They yearn for what they fear," says Dante.

Thus Hell is not only a specific place but a moral and anagogical allegory of the guilty conscience of the damned. It is the projection into a physical reality of the inner state of the damned. As Purgatory is such a projection of the inner state of those who suffer toward grace. As Heaven is such another projection of the inner state of those who have achieved grace. Each environment is an allegory and a moral and anagogical commentary on the essential nature of the souls one finds in each. Hell exists from within.

In a detailed discussion in the "Purgatorio," Dante reinforces these levels of meaning by pointing out that though mortal man may deceive by hiding his true nature under false semblances, the dead, by the very nature of their aerial bodies, can only appear to be exactly what they are. The dead cannot dissemble. *What* they appear to be and *where* they appear, they are.

The third theme—let it be called the Moral Universe or the Sentient Universe—is the vast, overriding concept of the total universe that makes "The Divine Comedy" the massive vehicle it is. Every artist seeks the vehicle that will best engage all his possibilities, just as every actor seeks the perfect role for himself. So, any actor would rather play Hamlet than Uncle Tom. Hamlet gives him more chances to act.

Dante's vehicle is nothing less than the total universe. Where in all poetry is there an equivalent subject-structure? Dante not only draws a map of his universe; he walks it from end to end. But his map is both of a physical geography and of a structure of values. That universe exists on all five levels of meaning.

For Dante, as for classical man, there was no real distinction between moral and physical law; between, say, the moral law against incest and the physical law of gravity. All of matter was a projection of God's will, and what we call physical law and what we call moral law derived equally from that will. When Oedipus, though unknowingly, transgressed moral law by killing his father and marrying his mother, a plague descended upon Thebes. It would not have occurred to the Greeks that to think of a flight of locusts as a consequence of what happened in the king's bedroom was to cross categories.

Dante's physical universe is Ptolemaic. It consists of nine concentric circles (spheres) with the earth as the center. In ascending order those spheres are: the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, and the Primum Mobile. Beyond the Primum Mobile lies the Empyrean, which is the dwelling and presence of God. God is an essence that entirely surrounds and contains creation.

IF God is the circumference of this nine-layered sphere, the center is the greatest distance one can travel from God. That center is the earth, and the center of that center is the bottom of Hell. Inevitably, it is there, at the Ultimate bottom of the universe, that Dante places Satan.

Satan is a powerful symbol. He is described as an unholy reverse-Trinity with three foul heads and three pairs of wings. He has been flung from Heaven to the farthest distance one can go from God. To his dark center drain all the waters of the earth, bearing the filthy sediment of all sin and uncleanliness. Satan's six wings beat madly in his efforts to escape from that foul lake but they succeed only in whipping up a freezing gale that turns all to ice, fixing him ever more securely in the bottom ice-tray. From the top of Purgatory, moreover, there flow down to him the waters of Lethe, in which the finally purified souls bathe and are washed clean of every memory of sin. That memory, too, is frozen into the filthy ice about Satan.

Thus that center is the center of all weight, of all sin, of all darkness, and of all cold. And to it flows all the filth of time. Weight, sin, dark, cold, and filth are, of course, the five things farthest from God. And thus the universe becomes a scale of precise values: the closer a thing is to the center, the lower it is on that scale; the closer a thing is to the circumference, the higher it is.

THE existence of that scale makes possible an enormous economy in Dante's writing. Dante need only place his finger on that map and say what he saw there. The very act of placement becomes the value judgment.

That economy is further assisted by the firm laws of the other world. As one sins, so is he punished; as he strove for grace, so is he rewarded. In Hell, then, each punishment is a symbolic analysis of the nature of the sin and of the state of the sinner's soul. The reader need only be told, for example, that the punishment of the Lustful is highest in the Infernal scale, and that it consists of being buffeted eternally round and round by a dark whirlwind. The reader knows at once that this sin, though sufficient for damnation, is the least weighty of all the sins of Hell proper, and that the nature of the sin is to allow one's soul to be buffeted round and round by the dark winds of immoderate passion. Love is a sweet human state, but by excessive physical love these sinners shut their souls from God, surrendering "reason to their appetites."

Dante's Cantos average about 140 lines. As a general thing he requires no more than twenty or thirty lines to identify the sinner and to describe the punishment. Since the value judgment is already established by the map, and since the punishment is a symbolic analysis of the sin, these essential matters are settled in short order, and Dante has the rest of his Canto available for all sorts of matters that attract his ranging mind.

Dante had once set out to be an encyclopedist. His "Il Convivio"—never finished—was an effort to set down in Italian all human "science." There is

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nothing that does not interest him. As a poet, moreover, he would naturally look for chances to use his dramatic, lyric, and didactic powers. So, with his structure firmly determined by its basic economy, Dante is free to range at will, packing every rift with those fascinating details that add so much to his poem. He has time for gossip, for prophecies, for marvelous dramatic interplays, for treatises on history, for analyzing the French monarchy, the corruption of the Church, the decay of Italian politics. He has time for all sorts of metaphysical treatises on such matters as the nature of the generative principle, literary criticism, meteorology—in short, for his whole unfinished encyclopedia. And he still has time to invent a death for Ulysses, to engage in a metamorphic contest with Ovid, to make side remarks to his friends. He can give full rein to his powers because he has found the inexhaustible vehicle.

The fourth principal theme will inevitably reveal itself to the careful reader, but he will lose nothing by having it in mind from the start. Call it the Architectonics. "The Divine Comedy" has often been compared to a cathedral, and, whether or not the comparison is finally apt, it is certainly true that Dante's details keep acquiring significance as one goes on and learns to look back at them from some corresponding point in the later structure. The structure, that is to say, produces a *back-illumination*.

Charon, for example, is the boatman of the damned, ferrying them across Acheron into Hell proper. He is a memorable figure. Later, one meets the Angel-Pilot who ferries souls to Purgatory. He, too, is a memorable figure. But no reasonably careful reader can fail to see that one ferryman stands in meaningful relation to the other. Thus, the Angel is not only himself, but an opposite figure to Charon, and Charon seen backwards from the figure of the Angel acquires a dimension he did not have as an isolated figure. The development of these structural correspondences—of an endless number of them—is an everlasting and ever-enlarging source of the power of "The Divine Comedy."

The supreme art of poetry is not to *assert* meaning but to *release* it by the juxtaposition of poetic elements. Form, in its interrelations, is the most speaking element. Because in any extended poetic structure these juxtapositions will fall into different perspectives when looked at from different points of vantage, that release of meaning is subject to endless meaningful reinterpretation. The inexhaustibility of "The Divine Comedy" is a consequence of this structural quality. It is for that reason that no one can ever finish reading it. There will always be a new way of viewing the elements. But if no man can finish the poem, any man may begin it and be the richer for having begun. The present imperfect gloss—skimming though it be—is really about all one needs to start with. And, having started, all he needs is to pay attention. The poem itself is the rest of the way, and the way is marked.

Childhood

By Eric Barker

IN those days I took all things for granted,
Gifts for the simple reason of being born.
My longest scruples ended in a sigh;
The innocent indifference of the dawn

Made me cruel as a knife, but never guilty.
I observed the natural laws of Life and Death.
Apt at my games, I stalked the lowly,
Small kingdoms withered in my fiery breath.

Close on my wake of funerals, came a girl.
"Discover me among the nodding grass," she said,
"And find the natural balance of those laws
You follow blindly without heart or head."

I made another death. But while we slept,
That virgin rose and touched us tenderly.
"It was a green and easy grave," she said,
"Remember me with love and rosemary."

And changed the ignorant aspect of my eye,
Indifferent as the innocence of the dawn,
To look with growing wonder on the why
And lovely wherefore of my being born.

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(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1419

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ancient druidic congress from which probably arose the eisteddfod; menhir or cromlech.	13 95 190 7 123 109 34
B. Under contemplation (2 wds).	26 98 122 130 49 85
C. Aperture for escape of smoke, shedding rainwater, admitting light and air (var.).	25 165 134 67 143 70
D. Followed by Word G, made a definite hit with an audience (2 wds.).	170 105 69 45 174 2 187 169 29 103 21
E. Ancient site of fabled rape of Proserpine by Pluto.	73 88 50 75
F. French philologist best known for works on early Christianity (1823-92).	94 58 124 4 147
G. See Word D (2 wds.).	119 86 184 154 157 90 110 10
H. Agamemnon's sister-in-law who caused lots of trouble.	89 150 30 47 166
I. Warm-blooded.	173 167 6 22 132 64 87 42 183 189 125 84
J. Unique features of a U.S. border (2 wds.).	113 16 144 121 71 149 100 191 27 176
K. Where father and mother usually sit at the dinner table (3 wds.).	120 66 32 111 146 181 39 40 53 164 138
L. Man appointed to kill the bull in bullfights (Span.).	126 140 115 8 148 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Overseer.	37 127 46 76 60 97 55 152 102 81
N. Cold and severely formal; rigorous.	83 136 160 93 57 142 159
O. Salad vegetable.	54 35 31 61 74 56
P. Fidgety (colloq.).	141 188 19 28 63 156 133
Q. Drug addict's description of himself when abstaining; as the alcoholics saying "on the wagon" (3 wds.).	3 52 131 82 72 15 62 128 114 101 104
R. Prevent (archaic word often heard today in one expression).	129 20 23 118 38 108 99
S. Occupant.	145 168 185 12 33 153
T. Nott's horse.	92 137 180 48 79 17 5 106
U. Insert, as a scion of a tree or shrub in another for purposes of propagation.	155 175 91 59 178 151 51
V. Easily offended.	139 112 116 68 96
W. Wisconsin county famous for cheeses, among other things.	41 161 18 80 182 24 44 65 107
X. Bad diction.	43 36 171 163 135 158 78 14 179
Y. Desiccation,	11 77 162 186 9 177 117 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 L	■	2 D	3 Q	4 F	5 T	■	6 I	7 A	■	8 L	9 Y	■	10 G	11 Y	12 S	13 A
14 X	15 Q	16 J	17 T	18 W	19 P	20 R	21 D	■	22 I	23 R	■	24 W	■	25 C	26 B	27 J
■	28 P	29 D	30 H	31 O	■	32 K	33 S	34 A	■	35 O	36 X	37 M	38 R	39 K	■	40 K
41 W	42 I	■	43 X	44 W	45 D	46 M	47 H	48 T	49 B	50 E	51 U	■	52 Q	53 K	54 O	■
55 M	56 O	57 N	58 F	59 U	■	60 M	61 O	62 Q	63 P	64 I	65 W	66 K	67 C	■	68 V	69 D
70 C	■	71 J	72 Q	73 E	■	74 O	75 E	76 M	77 Y	■	78 X	79 T	■	80 W	81 M	82 Q
■	83 N	84 I	■	85 B	86 G	87 I	88 E	■	89 H	90 G	91 U	92 T	■	93 N	94 F	95 A
96 V	■	97 M	98 B	99 R	■	100 J	■	101 Q	102 M	103 D	■	104 Q	105 D	106 T	107 W	108 R
109 A	110 G	■	111 K	112 V	113 J	■	114 Q	115 L	■	116 V	117 Y	118 R	119 G	120 K	■	121 J
122 B	123 A	124 F	125 I	126 L	■	127 M	128 Q	■	129 R	130 B	131 Q	132 I	133 P	—	134 C	135 X
136 N	137 T	138 K	139 V	■	140 L	141 P	142 N	143 C	144 J	145 S	■	146 K	147 F	148 L	■	149 J
150 H	151 U	152 M	■	153 S	154 G	155 U	■	156 P	157 G	158 X	159 N	■	160 N	161 W	162 Y	163 X
164 K	165 C	166 H	167 I	168 S	169 D	■	170 D	171 X	■	172 Y	173 I	174 D	175 U	176 J	■	177 Y
178 U	179 X	180 T	181 K	182 W	■	183 I	184 G	185 S	■	186 Y	187 D	■	188 P	189 I	190 A	191 J

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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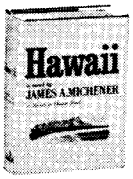

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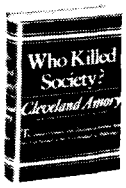

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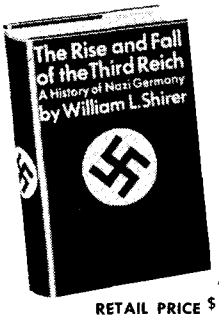

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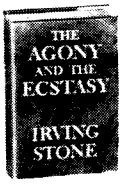

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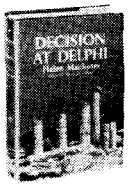

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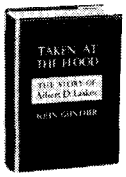

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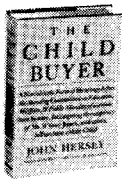

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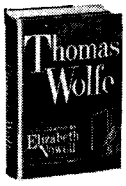

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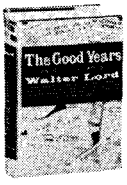

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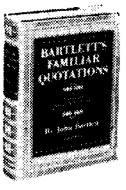

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